

The Bethel News.

VOLUME V.—NUMBER 31.

BETHEL, MAINE, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1899.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

DIRECTORY.

We are pleased to publish the following directory for the benefit of our citizens and visitors, and to insure correctness the News should be promptly notified when changes occur.

TOWN OFFICERS.

SELECTMEN.—S. B. Twitchell, C. E. Barker, West, F. J. Russell, Clerk, L. T. Barker, Treasurer, W. W. Hastings; Superintendent of Schools, E. C. Bowler; School Committee, Miss Jane Gibson, C. E. Valentine, Z. W. Bartlett, East; Town Agent, A. E. Herrick; Collector, H. H. Bean; Auditor, Calvin Bisbee.

MAIL SERVICE.

MAILS CLOSE.—8:40 a. m., 3:15 p. m. Closed mail for Portland and Boston, 8 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.—10:50 a. m., 4:50 p. m. From West, 9:15 a. m., 3:45 p. m.

CHURCHES.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL, Main street, Rev. W. B. Eldridge, Pastor. Sunday—Prayer meeting, 10 a. m.; Preaching service, 10:45 a. m.; Sunday school, 12 m.; Junior League, 3 p. m.; Epworth League, 6:15 p. m.; Prayer meeting, 7 p. m. Tuesday—Class meeting, 7:30 p. m. Friday—Prayer meeting, 7:30 p. m.

UNIVERSALIST, Church street, Rev. F. E. Barton, Pastor. Sunday—Preaching service, 10:45 a. m.; Sunday school, 12 m.; Y. P. S. C. E., 7 p. m. Tuesday—Prayer meeting, 7:30 p. m.

CONGREGATIONAL, Church street, Rev. Arthur Varley, Pastor. Sunday—Preaching service, 10:45 a. m.; Sunday school, 12 m.; Y. P. S. C. E., 7 p. m. Tuesday—Prayer meeting, 7:30 p. m.

UNION CHURCH, West Bethel, supplied by Rev. Arthur Varley and Rev. F. E. Barton. Sunday—Preaching, 2:30 p. m.; Sunday school, 3:30 p. m.

BAPTIST, Middle Intervale and East Bethel, supplied by W. H. T. Bock. Sunday—Preaching service, 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school, 12 m. East Bethel—Preaching service, 2:30 p. m. Wednesday—Prayer meeting, 7:30 p. m.

LIBRARY.

Public Library, Broad street. Open Wednesday, from 6 to 8 p. m.; Saturday, 4 to 8 p. m. Over 2000 volumes. Mrs. G. R. Wiley, President; Annie Frye, Secretary; Mrs. O. M. Mason, Treasurer; Mrs. L. T. Barker, Librarian.

FRATERNAL ORDERS.

BETHEL LODGE, No. 97, F. & A. M.—N. E. Richardson, W. M.; W. E. Abbott, S. W.; H. C. Rowe, J. W.; M. W. Chandler, Treas.; D. G. Lovejoy, Sec. Meets second Thursday of each month.

MR. ABRAHAM LODGE, L. O. O. F., No. 31—J. W. Smith, N. G.; A. C. Frost, V. G.; Chas. Mason, Rec. Sec.; C. E. Bryant, F. S.; S. I. French, Treas. Meets Saturday evenings.

SINCEB BAREKHA LODGE, L. O. O. F., No. 64—Mrs. Della Smith, N. G.; Miss Martha Gibson, V. G.; Miss Jane Gibson, R. S.; Mrs. W. D. Hastings, F. S.; Mrs. G. A. Burbank, Treas. Meets first and third Monday of each month.

BETHEL GRANGE, No. 56—S. E. Cummings, Master; Mrs. C. E. Valentine, Lecturer; C. E. Valentine, Secretary. Meets Saturday afternoons, once in two weeks.

SENIORITY COL., No. 50, U. O. P. F.—J. C. Billings, Gov.; E. C. Park, Sec.; E. S. Kilborn, Treas. Meets the first and third Monday of each month.

BETHEL LODGE, No. 27, I. O. U. E. M.—F. J. Tyler, G.; S. A. Gibson, V. G.; John Yates, F. S.; Harry Jordan, Treas. Meets the second and fourth Tuesday of each month.

Brown Post, No. 84, G. A. R.—Ira Jordan, P. C.; A. M. True, Adj. Meets the first and third Tuesday of each month at 7:30 p. m.

Brown Post, W. R. C. No. 36—Mrs. E. C. Jordan, Pres.; Mrs. C. S. Little, Sec.; Miss E. E. Burnham, Treas. Meets the first and third Tuesday of each month.

Bethel W. C. T. U.—Mrs. O. M. Mason, Pres.; Mrs. Arthur Varley, Vice Pres.; Mrs. F. S. Chandler, Sec.; Mrs. L. T. Barker, Treas. Meets Tuesday, once in two weeks.

CORPORATIONS.

Bethel Savings Bank.—S. B. Twitchell, Pres.; A. E. Herrick, Treas.

Bethel Chair Co.—J. H. Barrows, Pres.; E. L. Tebbets, Treas.

Bethel Water Co.—Enoch Foster, Pres.; A. E. Herrick, Treas.

Bethel Dairying Co.—W. E. Abbott, Manager.

Riverside Park Association.—C. M. Wormell, Pres.; E. C. Rowe, Treas.

SOCIAL SOCIETIES.

Ladies' Club, Congregational.—Pres., Mrs. A. E. Herrick; Vice Pres., Mrs. Gilbert Tuell; Sec., Miss Mary True; Treas., Mrs. F. B. Tuell. Meets Thursday afternoon.

Ladies' Circle, Universalist.—Mrs. L. A. Pratt, Pres.; Mrs. G. R. Wiley, Vice Pres.; Mrs. L. H. Hopkins, Sec.; Mrs. E. C. Rowe, Treas. Meets Wednesday afternoon.

Literary Society, Methodist.—Mrs. W. D. Hastings, Pres.; Mrs. Calvin Bisbee, Vice Pres.; Mrs. Wilfred Bowler, Sec. Miss Addie Gordon, Treas.

Ladies' Circle, Methodist.—Mrs. John Swan, Pres.; Miss Minnie Capen, Sec.; Mrs. Ira Jordan, Treas.

Columbian Club.—Mrs. A. E. Herrick, Pres.; Miss Annie M. Frye, Sec. Mrs. T. F. Hastings, Treas.

UNITED ORDER OF GOLDEN CROSS No. 484.—N. C. J. H. Barrows, W. T. Calvin Bisbee, F. K. of R. S. W. Grover; K. of R., F. W. Disbee.

The LOCAL NEWS.

Items of Interest Picked Up About Town by the News Man.

Old Sol is on his return.

Christmas trade was lively last week.

L. B. Hopkins was in Norway yesterday.

T. G. Lary of Gilead was in town yesterday.

G. K. Hastings of East Bethel was in our town Tuesday.

Mrs. H. H. Cushman of Bryant Pond was in town Friday.

Col. A. S. Twitchell and daughter Rita were in town yesterday.

B. C. Snyder of North Conway, N. H., is visiting friends in town.

Mrs. Alice Farwell now occupies the E. S. Kilborn rent on Chapman street.

The Ladies' Club will meet with Mrs. Twaddle Thursday p. m. at three o'clock.

Messrs. John and Farnham Estes of Rumford Corner were in town Tuesday.

Fred Merrill, George Farnsworth and Robert C. Bisbee are at home from Bowdoin college.

Miss Bertha Wiley of Colby University is spending her holiday vacation at home.

Mrs. Benson who has been in Boston for some time has returned to spend the winter with her sister, Mrs. J. G. Rich.

"Take time by the forelock." If your blood is out of order, begin taking Hood's Sarsaparilla at once and prevent serious illness.

Dr. F. B. Tuell started yesterday morning for Washington, D. C., where he will remain for about one week. In the meantime his office will be closed.

Prepare to make your vows, and in the meantime don't fail to note the faithfulness with which those have been kept which were made one year ago.

Brown Post and the Woman's Relief Corps have changed their meetings from the first and third Tuesdays to the first and third Thursdays of each month.

Ned Carter who took the lumber recently purchased in this vicinity by the Berlin Mills Co. to move, has finished yarding at the Capen farm, and moved his crew to the Greenwood lot.

Mrs. Harriette F. Farwell is now pleasantly domiciled on Chapman street, having taken board with Mrs. Alice J. Farwell who has lately removed there. They are occupying the same house in which the former lived on first coming to this village.

All members of the Epworth League are requested to be present at the business meeting to be held with Addie M. Gordon on Thursday evening. The annual election of officers will take place, and other business of importance demands the presence of all members of that organization.

It is quite an advantage to have a heating stove that will burn wood and coal, and coal when winter sets in for keeps. Beckwith's Round Oak burns any kind of fuel with economy and cleanliness, and will last a lifetime. We guarantee it to please you, and it costs no more than other stoves. For sale by Hastings Bros., Bethel, Me.

Last Friday, Miss Evelyn Curtis died at her residence on Mechanic street. The Misses Curtis came to Bethel thirty years ago and carried on the millinery business. Failing health caused them to sell and they bought the house where they have lived many years. Miss Curtis has been an invalid for a long time and has been tenderly cared for by her sister who is left alone, and has the warmest sympathy of her many friends. A very tender and impressive service was held at the home Sunday afternoon. The floral tributes were beautiful, and Rev. W. B. Eldridge spoke words of comfort and sympathy. Monday morning Miss Emma Curtis accompanied the body to Freeport for interment in the family lot.

Little more snow, please.

T. C. Bennett of North Newry was in town Friday.

Mrs. B. H. Trask of Newry was in the village last Friday.

They are taking account of stock at the Chair factory this week.

Miss Percie Foster of Newry has been visiting a few days at C. O. Foster's.

Mrs. Elmira Needham of our village is receiving friends to-day in celebration of her ninetieth birthday.

Mrs. Samuel Philbrook and Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Philbrook went to Bridgton last week to attend the funeral of Mr. Byron Kimball.

Miss L. C. Hall wishes to inform the people of Bethel that the new year is near at hand and that she has a complete line of diaries for 1900, to show them.

Contest Closed.

The stove contest that has created so much interest during the past two months closed last Friday night at 5:30 o'clock.

There were ladies for whom votes were cast at the beginning of the contest but the list was soon narrowed down to four, who began a desperate struggle for the prize. Each worked with a will, and seemed confident of success, but during the past month it appeared quite certain that unless the others were holding back considerable of their count, the fight would be between Mrs. Wight and Mrs. Holt.

All worked in the dark during the past two weeks as the standing was not made known to anyone during that time, but they worked nevertheless, as is shown by the result. We are pleased to note that as far as we know, the contest has not been the source of any hard feelings among the interested parties, but on the contrary everything has been conducted in a manner satisfactory to all.

The following is the standing of the five leading contestants:

Mrs. Walton Wight,	12,617
Mrs. E. E. Holt,	10,436
Mrs. H. H. Cushman,	4,546
Mrs. Jane Wheeler,	4,049

We did not advertise to give a second prize, but the earnest and faithful work of the two leading contestants during the past two weeks prompted us to consider the question of a second prize some days before the close of the contest. Nothing was said, however, about this to the contestants and each went on thinking that she had but two chances, one to win, the other to lose, but after the result was announced and the crowd had subsided, we announced to Mrs. Holt our intention to give her a second prize, and upon being told that a stove she needed and must have, we at once decided to give her an Oakwood range as a second prize.

Each of the two ladies who did the most work for us, have, therefore, received just what they have been hoping for at a Christmas present, and we hope and trust that they will prove a lasting blessing to them.

Fatal Accidents on the G. T. R.

Two train men have been killed on the G. T. R. this week; the first Stephen A. Needham, conductor on a freight, was run over Sunday night at Island Pond, Vt., and seriously injured. His friends started with him at once for the Maine General hospital, but he died on the way there, at Lewiston Junction.

Mr. Needham was born at South Bethel, and has many friends and relatives in Bethel who will mourn his death.

The second accident occurred at Gorham, N. H., Monday morning, when brakeman N. P. Anderson was run over and terribly mangled. Anderson was 24 years of age and lived at Falmouth with his mother. In 1898 he enlisted on the U. S. S. Montauk, and served on her until he was mustered out of the service at the end of the war.

CHRISTMAS.

How it was Observed at the Various Churches.

Christmas with its good cheer was observed in the village in the usual manner. The village people have welcomed many friends during the past few days, and the family gatherings have been of the usual number. The churches have done their best to entertain the children, who for many months have planned for the glad holiday.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

At the Universalist church Sunday morning, there was a special Christmas service. Rev. Mr. Barton preached an appropriate sermon, taking his text from Luke 2:10, "And the angel said unto them; Fear not, for, behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people." The music was excellent, there being several special attractions. The choir rendition of "Hark, Hark, My Soul," with the obligato solo by Miss Jane Gibson was one of the best productions of the service. Mr. B. C. Snyder kindly consented to assist the choir and his services were much appreciated by all. A pretty trio was rendered by Miss Gibson, Mrs. A. G. Wiley and Mr. Snyder. There were other pleasing selections.

Sunday evening a Christmas concert was given by the Sunday school. The exercises were opened by the rendition of "Chime on Merry Bells" by a quartet composed of the Misses Carter, Mrs. A. G. Wiley and Miss Edith Grover. Following this was the invocation by Rev. Mr. Barton and a beautiful solo response entitled "Glory my God to Thee," by Miss Jane Gibson. This solo was finely rendered and most favorably commented upon by those present.

Mr. George Bartlett gave the address of welcome in an effective manner. The rendition by the boys' quartet of "Pity the Poor," was a special attraction of the evening. This quartet was made up of Robbie Young, Frank Robinson, George and Frank King. There was a pretty solo by Miss Florence Carter. In this, Miss Carter, as usual, was most pleasing, and those who know Miss Carter so favorably as a soloist, were not disappointed at this time. The concert exercise with Mr. L. B. Hopkins as reader and Miss Alice French as soloist was a pleasing feature of the program. Miss French carried her part to perfection and much praise was given to her work. There were several chorus pieces selected with special reference to the occasion. Interspersed with the music were recitations by the younger members of the school. Among those who spoke were Robbie Young, Frank Robinson, George King, Miss Agnes Barton, Master Ralph Young, Master Henry Parker, Miss Laura Lowe and Miss Edith Hastings. The whole program was well carried out and the concert one of the best ever given by the society. A large audience was present.

Monday evening, the society had the usual Christmas supper in the vestry. The supper was free to all and the tables fairly groaned under the weight of good things that were placed before both old and young. The children entered into the spirit of the occasion as well as the older ones, and a happy time was had. After the supper there was a short musical and literary program by the members of the school. A pleasing solo was given by Miss Joan Stearns. Then came the distribution of gifts from two well laden trees in the church. "Santa Claus" appeared much to the delight of the children who had so long wondered if he would visit them this year. Everybody was remembered.

METHODIST CHURCH.

Although Christmas came a little late this year at the Methodist church, yet there could be no doubt in the minds of those who attended the concert on Tuesday evening, that it did come at last. After the church bell without announced its arrival, the merry tinkle of bells within, the songs of

old and young, and recitations by the little folks gave further evidence to the joyful fact.

The program was, of course, chiefly in the hands of the juniors who agreeably entertained the audience for about an hour. Several solos and duets showed that some of our young maidens possess voices of unusual sweetness and power. One or two small speakers deserve especial mention, as they have not appeared in public many times before, but nevertheless did themselves much credit.

Last, but not least, was the distribution of gifts from the two well-filled trees. This was accomplished in the midst of much general amusement.

After all had been well remembered in this line, we departed to our homes to dream of Christmas trees and candy-bags, rejoicing that there is one day at least in the year, when old hearts are made young, and young hearts happy, when the general spirit which prevails seems to accord with the angel's message, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Sunday morning's services were conducted as usual. An effort had been made for special music, but owing to some of the best talent being out of town, and the sickness of others, the regular program was carried out. The children of the church always expect a good time at the Christmas supper, and none were disappointed this year. The committee in charge of the supper proved equal to the occasion for everything and plenty of it was in readiness at the appointed hour. Each lady carried the choicest of her cookery to the dining room, and after 175 hungry people had satisfied the inner man there was plenty left and to spare.

After the supper, all gathered in the chapel where marches and games were indulged in, and to a looker-on it was hard to tell who enjoyed themselves the most; the committee who had so lovingly planned the entertainment of the evening; the children who were so interested, or the older ones who seemed lost in the joy of the children. After the games, Dr. Sturdivant most pleasingly rendered a solo, and Miss Hattie Foster in the habiliments of an old lady gave a reading which brought smiles of delight to all faces. A Christmas carol composed by Mrs. Herrick, with music by Mrs. Gehring, was sung by the members of the Sunday school, and then came a moment of silence when all looked for Santa Claus to dispose of the large number of presents which were on the tree and tables—for the tree wouldn't hold all. Instead of Santa Claus coming himself, he sent his wife, who recited the following written by Mrs. Herrick.

My greetings to you, people all.
My greetings to you, great and small.
You didn't expect, you children dear,
To see old Mrs. Santa here,
But here I am, with loads of toys
For all these blessed girls and boys.
The way it happened was this, you see:
Old Santa Claus, he said to me,
"This morning, when we packed the sleigh,
And started the reindeer on the way,
He said, 'I'm getting old and gray.
Rather see'y and a little passe,
And, really, mother, I don't dare
To face those polished folks up there.
It isn't my clothes; don't care a bit
How this old fur coat may fit,
But when it comes to bows and frills,
I tell you the very thought of it chills
Me more than the air from these frosty hills:
For, as to making a stylish bow,
They'd see in a moment, I didn't know
how:
And, come to getting the high hand
shake,
I couldn't do it; it's sure to break
Me up if I even try it. But you
Would see in a jiffy the thing to do:
For with clubs and teas and things of
that kind,
You women are leaving us men behind,
And when polite things must be done or
said
The way to do is to put you ahead.
So when we get to Bethel Hill,
I'll see in the sleigh and hold the deer
still,
While you slip in to see the people;
We'll know the church, there ain't any
steeples.
I hear they've got a handsome tree.

And the children are sweet as children can be,
And the grown-ups, too, are a splendid lot.
You make a speech and tell 'em we've brought
A pile of presents and a heap of good cheer,
Enough, if cared for, to last through the year:
You give my best love to good Mr. Varley,
And all of the Tuells, especially Charlie,
The Chapmans, the Gehrings, Beans, Barkers and Rowses,
The Puringtons, Chandlers, the Grovers, all those,
The Chamberlains, Philbrooks, Misses Burnham and Hall,
The Bowles, the Holmeses, the Valentines, all
The 'Cademy scholars, those boys home from college,
I love them, young souls all a seeking for knowledge,
And there are their teachers, remember them too,
With a right Merry Christmas, from me and from you.
There's Twaddle, and Merrill, Richardson, Clark, though
To name them through all would take me 'till dark.
You kiss every girl, you pat every boy,
You wish every one a heart full of joy,
You tell them from me that the secret of living
Is to find all your comfort, not in getting but giving."

And here he'd broke down, he's that tender hearted.
But just at that moment, the near reindeer started.
What more he'd have said, you never will know,
And now I suppose I really must go,
I just happened to think, he's sitting there still,
You know the best of these husbands will
Get cross if you make them wait too long.
So now good bye to this merry throng
With the sweetest of wishes that Christmas cheer
May rest down upon you each day through the year,
As you all come to know that the secret of living
Is, "as Santa Claus said, 'not in getting but giving.'"

Miss Elsie Weitz most delightfully impersonated Mrs. Santa Claus and she looked charming in her huge white bonnet and furs, while her words of greeting seemed to carry the genuine Christmas spirit to all hearts. It is hardly necessary to say that at the close she was given a perfect storm of applause. The presents were then taken from the tree by the pastor and Mr. Bowler, and a happy company repaired to their homes.

CHRISTMAS NOTES.

Harry Carter spent the day at home.

Howard Carter was home from Berlin.

May Wiley visited friends in Portland.

Edith Grover was home from Portland.

A. M. Carter was home from Berlin, N. H.

Fred Allen of Portland visited friends in town.

Miss Vera Merrill was home from South Paris.

Frances Carter spent the day at her home in Middle Intervale.

Dayton Merrill of Berlin spent the day with his folks in town.

Harry Mason of Portland visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mason.

Archer Grover is home from the University of Maine for a short vacation.

Edmund Clark of Flushing, L. I., is spending the holiday season with his folks in Bethel.

H. E. Dingley, wife and little son Harvey of Bath, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Bowler.

Dr. Norman Gehring was home from Brunswick where he is taking a post-graduate course at Bowdoin college.

Mrs. O. M. Mason visited friends in Portland. She was accompanied by her daughter Alice I. Mason of Berlin, N. H.

Twenty-six snowfalls this winter says a Warren weather prophet.

Subscribe for the NEWS—now.

IN HIS STEPS.

"What Would Jesus Do?"

By CHARLES M. SHELTON.

(Copyrighted and published in book form by the Advance Publishing Co. of Chicago.)

The bishop looked affectionately at his friend, but the shadow still rested on his face. After a pause he spoke again:

"The new discipleship means a crisis for you in your work. If you keep this pledge to do all things as Jesus would do, as I know you will, it requires no prophet to predict some remarkable changes in your parish." The bishop looked wistfully at Bruce and then continued: "In fact, I do not see how a perfect upheaval of Christianity as we now know it can be prevented if the ministry and churches generally take the Raymond pledge and live it out." He paused as if he were waiting for his friend to say something, to ask some question, but Bruce did not know of the fire that was burning in the bishop's heart over the very question that Maxwell and himself had fought out.

"Now, in my church, for instance," continued the bishop, "it would be rather a difficult matter, I fear, to find very many people who would take a pledge like that and live up to it. Martyrdom is a lost art with us. Our Christianity loves its ease and comfort too well to take up anything so rough and heavy as a cross, and yet what does following Jesus mean? What is it to walk in his steps?"

The bishop was soliloquizing now, and it is doubtful if he thought for the moment of his friend's presence. For the first time there flashed into Bruce's mind a suspicion of the truth. What if the bishop should throw the weight of his great influence on the side of the Raymond movement? He had the following of the most aristocratic, wealthy, fashionable people not only in Chicago, but in several large cities. What if the bishop should join this new discipleship? The thought was about to be followed by the word. Dr. Bruce had reached out his hand and, with the familiarity of long friendship, had placed it on the bishop's shoulder and was about to ask him a very important question when they were both startled by the violent ringing of the bell. Mrs. Bruce had gone to the door and was talking with some one in the hall. There was a loud exclamation, and then, as the bishop rose and Dr. Bruce was stepping toward the curtain that hung before the entrance to the parlor, Mrs. Bruce pushed it aside. Her face was white, and she was trembling.

"Oh, Calvin! Such terrible news! Mr. Sterling—oh, I cannot tell it! What a fearful blow to those two girls!"

"What is it?" Dr. Bruce advanced with the bishop into the hall and confronted the messenger, a servant from the Sterlings. The man was without his hat and had evidently run over with the news, as the doctor lived nearest of any friends of the family.

"Mr. Sterling shot himself, sir, a few minutes ago! He killed himself in his bedroom! Mrs. Sterling!"

"I will go right over, Edward!"—Dr. Bruce turned to the bishop—"will you go with me? The Sterlings are old friends of yours."

The bishop was very pale, but calm, as always. He looked his friend in the face and answered: "Aye, Calvin. I will go with you, not only to this house of death, but also the whole way of human sin and sorrow, please God."

And even in that moment of horror at the unexpected news Calvin Bruce understood what the bishop had promised to do.

CHAPTER X.

These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth.

When Dr. Bruce and the bishop entered the Sterling mansion, everything in the usually well appointed household was in the greatest confusion and terror. The great rooms down stairs were empty, but overhead were hurried footsteps and confused noises. One of the servants ran down the grand staircase with a look of horror on her face just as the bishop and Dr. Bruce were starting to go up.

"Miss Felicia is with Mrs. Sterling," the servant stammered in answer to a question and then burst into a hysterical cry and ran through the drawing room and out of doors.

At the top of the staircase the two men were met by Felicia.

She walked up to Dr. Bruce at once and put both hands in his. The bishop laid his hand on her head, and the three stood there a moment in perfect silence. The bishop had known Felicia since she was a child. He was the first to break silence.

"The God of all mercy be with you, Felicia, in this dark hour. Your mother—"

The bishop hesitated. Out of the buried past he had during his hurried passage from his friend's house to this house of death irresistibly drawn the one tender romance of his young manhood. Not even Bruce knew that. But there had been a time when the bishop had offered the incense of a singularly undivided affection upon the altar of his youth to the beautiful Camilla Rolfe, and she had chosen between him and the millionaire. The bishop carried no bitterness with his memory, but it was still a memory.

For answer to the bishop's unfinished query Felicia turned and went back into her mother's room. She had not said a word yet, but both men were struck with her wonderful calm. She returned to the hall door and beckoned to them, and the two ministers, with a feeling that they were about to behold something very unusual, entered.

Rose lay with her arms outstretched on the bed; Clara, the nurse, sat with

her head covered, sobbing in spasms of terror, and Mrs. Sterling, with "the light that never was on sea or land" luminous on her face, lay there so still that even the bishop was deceived at first. Then as the great truth broke upon him and Dr. Bruce he staggered, and the sharp agony of the old wound shot through him. It passed and left him standing there in that chamber of death with the eternal calmness and strength that the children of God have a right to possess, and right well he used that calmness and strength in the days that followed.

The next moment the house below was in a tumult. Almost at the same time the doctor, who had been sent for at once, but lived some distance away, came in, together with police officers who had been summoned by the frightened servants. With them were four or five newspaper correspondents and several neighbors. Dr. Bruce and the bishop met this miscellaneous crowd at the head of the stairs and succeeded in excluding all except those whose presence was necessary. With these the two friends learned all the facts ever known about "the Sterling tragedy," as the papers in their sensational accounts next day called it.

Mr. Sterling had gone into his room that evening about 9 o'clock, and that was the last seen of him until in half an hour a shot was heard and a servant who was in the hall ran into the room and found the owner of the house dead on the floor, killed by his own hand. Felicia at the time was sitting by her mother. Rose was reading in the library. She ran up stairs, saw her father as he was being lifted upon the couch by the servants and then ran screaming into her mother's room, where she flung herself down on the foot of the bed in a swoon. Mrs. Sterling had at first fainted at the shock, then rallied with wonderful swiftness and sent a messenger to call Dr. Bruce. She had then insisted on seeing her husband. In spite of Felicia, she had compelled Clara and the housemaid, terrified and trembling, to support her while she crossed the hall and entered the room where her husband lay. She had looked upon him with a tearful face, had gone back into her own room, was laid on the bed, and as Dr. Bruce and the bishop entered the house she, with a prayer of forgiveness for herself and her husband on her quivering lips, had died, with Felicia bending over her and Rose still lying senseless at her feet.

So great and swift had been the entrance of grim death into that palace of luxury that Sunday night, but the full cause of his coming was not known until the facts in regard to Mr. Sterling's business affairs were finally disclosed.

Then it was learned that for some time he had been facing financial ruin, owing to certain speculations that had in a month's time swept his supposed wealth into complete destruction. With the cunning and desperation of a man who battles for his very life, when he saw his money, which was all the life he ever valued, slipping from him he had put off the evil day to the last moment. Sunday afternoon, however, he had received news that proved to him beyond a doubt the fact of his utter ruin. The very house that he called his, the chairs in which he sat, his carriage, the dishes from which he ate, had all been bought by money for which he himself had never really done an honest stroke of pure labor.

It had all rested on a tissue of deceit and speculation that had no foundation in real values. He knew the fact better than any one else, but he had hoped, with the hope that such men always have, that the same methods that brought him the money would also prevent its loss. He had been deceived in this, as many others have been. As soon as the truth that he was practically a beggar had dawned upon him he saw no escape from suicide. It was the irresistible result of such a life as he had lived. He had made money his god. As soon as that god had gone out of his little world there was nothing more to worship, and when a man's object of worship is gone he has no more to live for. Thus died the great millionaire, Charles R. Sterling, and, verily, he died as the fool dieth, for what is the gain or the loss of money compared with the unsearchable riches of eternal life, which are far beyond the reach of worldly speculation, loss or change?

Mrs. Sterling's death was the result of shock. She had not been taken into her husband's confidence for years, but she knew that the source of his wealth was precarious. Her life for several years had been a death in life. The Rolfe always gave the impression that they could endure more disaster unmoved than any one else. Mrs. Sterling illustrated the old family tradition when she was carried into the room where her husband lay, but the feeble tenement could not hold the spirit, and it gave up the ghost, torn and weakened by long years of suffering and disappointment.

The effect of this triple blow, the death of father and mother and the loss of property, was instantly apparent in the sisters. The horror of events stupefied Rose for weeks. She lay unmoved by sympathy or any effort to rally. She did not seem yet to realize that the money which had been so large a part of her very existence was gone. Even when she was told that she and Felicia must leave the house and be dependent upon relatives and friends she did not seem to understand what it meant.

Felicia, however, was fully conscious of the facts. She knew just what had happened and why. She was talking over her future plans with her cousin Rachel, a few days after the funerals. Mrs. Winslow and Rachel had left Raymond and come to Chicago at once as soon as the terrible news had reached them, and with other friends of the family they were planning for the future of Rose and Felicia.

"Felicia, you and Rose must come to Raymond with us. That is settled. Mother will not hear of any other plan

at present," Rachel had said, while her beautiful face glowed with love for her cousin, a love that had deepened day by day and was intensified by the knowledge that they both belonged to the new discipleship.

"Unless I could find something to do here," answered Felicia. She looked wistfully at Rachel, and Rachel said gently:

"What could you do, dear?"

"Nothing. I was never taught to do anything except a little music, and I do not know enough about it to teach it or earn my living at it. I have learned to cook a little," Felicia answered, with a slight smile.

"Then you can cook for me. Mother is always having trouble with her kitchen," said Rachel, understanding well enough that Felicia was thinking of the fact that she was now dependent for her very food and shelter upon the kindness of family friends.

It is true, the girls received a little something out of the wreck of their father's fortune, but with a speculator's mad folly he had managed to involve both his wife's and his children's portions in the common ruin.

"Can I? Can I?" Felicia replied to Rachel's proposition, as if it were to be considered seriously. "I am ready to do anything honorable to make my living and that of Rosa. Poor Rosa! She will never be able to get over the shock of our trouble."

"We will arrange the details when we get to Raymond," Rachel said, smiling through her tears at Felicia's eager willingness to care for herself.

So in a few weeks Rose and Felicia found themselves a part of the Winslow family in Raymond. It was a bitter experience for Rose, but there was nothing else for her to do, and she accepted the inevitable, brooding over the great change in her life and in many ways adding to the burden of Felicia and her cousin Rachel.

Felicia at once found herself in an atmosphere of discipleship that was like heaven to her in its revelation of companionship. It is true that Mrs. Winslow was not in sympathy with the course that Rachel was taking, but the remarkable events since the pledge had been taken were too powerful in their results not to impress even such a woman as Mrs. Winslow. With Rachel Felicia found a perfect fellowship. She at once found a part to take in the new work at the Rectangle. In the spirit of her new life she insisted upon helping in the housework at her aunt's and in a short time demonstrated her ability as a cook so clearly that Virginia suggested that she take charge of the cooking class at the Rectangle.

Felicia entered upon this work with the keenest pleasure. For the first time in her life she had the delight of doing something of value for the happiness of others. Her resolve to do everything after asking, "What would Jesus do?" touched her deepest nature. She began to develop and strengthen wonderfully.

Even Mrs. Winslow was obliged to acknowledge the great usefulness and beauty of Felicia's character. The aunt looked with astonishment upon her niece, this city bred girl, reared in the greatest luxury, the daughter of a millionaire, now walking around in her kitchen, her arms covered with flour and occasionally a streak of it on her nose—for Felicia at first had a habit of rubbing her nose forgetfully when she was trying to remember some recipe—mixing various dishes, with the greatest interest in their results, washing up pans and kettles and doing the ordinary work of a servant in the Winslow kitchen and at the rooms of the Rectangle settlement. At first Mrs. Winslow remonstrated.

"Felicia, it is not your place to be out here doing this common work. I cannot allow it."

"Why, aunt? Don't you like the muffs I made this morning?" Felicia would ask meekly, but with a hidden smile, knowing her aunt's weakness for that kind of muffs.

"They were beautiful, Felicia, but it does not seem right for you to be doing such work for me."

"Why not? What else can I do?" Her aunt looked at her thoughtfully, noting her remarkable beauty of face and expression.

"You do not always intend to do this kind of work, Felicia?"

"Maybe I shall. I have had a dream of opening an ideal cookshop in Chicago or some large city and going around to the poor families in some slum district like the Rectangle, teaching the mothers how to prepare food properly. I remember hearing Dr. Bruce say once that he believed one of the great miseries of comparative poverty consisted in poor food. He even went so far as to say that he thought some kinds of crime could be traced to soggy biscuits and tough beefsteak. I'm confident I would be able to make a living for Rose and myself and at the same time to help others."

Felicia brooded over this dream until it became a reality. Meanwhile she grew into the affections of the Raymond people and the Rectangle folks, among whom she was known as "the angel cook." Underneath the structure of the beautiful character she was growing always rested her promise made in Nazareth Avenue church.

"What would Jesus do?" She prayed and hoped and worked and planned her life by the answer to that question.

It was the inspiration of her conduct and the answer to all her ambition. Three months had gone by since the Sunday morning when Dr. Bruce came into his pulpit with the message of the new discipleship. Never before had the Rev. Calvin Bruce realized how deep the feelings of his members flowed. He humbly confessed that the appeal he had made met with an unexpected response from men and women who, like Felicia, were hungry for something in their lives that the conventional type of church membership and fellowship had failed to give them.

But Dr. Bruce was not yet satisfied

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for himself. We cannot tell what his feeling was or what led to the movement he finally made, to the great astonishment of all who knew him, better than by relating a conversation between him and the bishop at this time in the history of the pledge in Nazareth Avenue church. The two friends were, as before, in Dr. Bruce's house, seated in his study.

"You know what I have come in this evening for?" the bishop was saying after the friends had been talking some time about the results of the pledge with Nazareth Avenue people.

Dr. Bruce looked over at the bishop and shook his head.

"I have come to confess," went on the bishop, "that I have not yet kept my promise to walk in his steps in the way that I believe I shall be obliged to if I satisfy my thought of what it means to walk in his steps."

Dr. Bruce had risen and was pacing his study. The bishop remained in the deep easy chair, with his hands clasped, but his eye burned with the glow that always belonged to him before he made some great resolve.

"Edward!"—Dr. Bruce spoke abruptly—"I have not yet been able to satisfy myself, either, in obeying my promise. But I have at last decided on my course. In order to follow it, I shall be obliged to resign from Nazareth Avenue church."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Rosa Bonheur's Vanity.

Nobody who ever saw Rosa Bonheur's picture would believe her guilty of any personal vanity. A blue jeans blouse and breeches are not the dress of a woman who thinks much about her looks. But the painter was proud of her feet. Once an English artist painted her portrait. She was satisfied with it, but noticed one detail with disapproval.

"But my feet," she asked, "where are they? You must put my boots in, because I have such small feet."

"They were small in reality, but in the general carelessness of the artist's attire they did not come in for much attention. She was as proud of her Legion of Honor medal as of her feet, and it always had an especial value in her eyes, because she got it from the Empress Eugenie's own hand. Most of the women in Paris who have the order are in red and blue. One is an actress. This is Marie Laurent, said to be the oldest actress on the French stage. She received the medal, not for her achievements as an actress, but as the head of the Actors' orphanage, a home for the orphan children of actors left without means.

A Royal Landlady.

A story is told of the Princess Louise's visit to the Bermudas. These islands belong to Great Britain. The islanders determined to give her a reception, and both rich and poor made ready to do her honor.

One day she was out sketching, for, like the queen and the rest of the daughters, she is fond of sketching. She was thirsty and called at a cottage door for water. The good woman of the house was busy and refused to go for the water. She, of course, did not know who the princess was; she was busy ironing; she was ironing a shirt for her husband to wear at the reception of the queen's daughter, she said. Oh, no! She could not leave that to get water for anybody. "If you will get me the water," said the princess, "I will finish ironing the shirt while you are gone."

So the princess ironed the shirt while the woman fetched the water.

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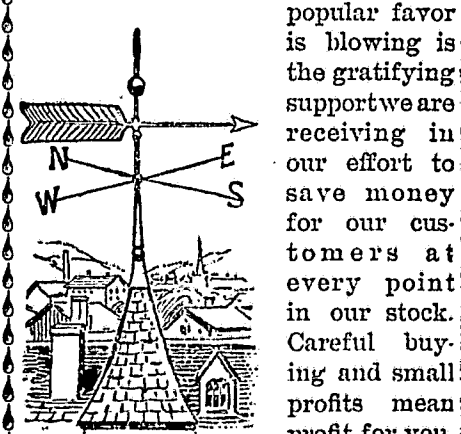
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GEMS IN VERSE.

The Robin.

I killed a robin. The little thing,
With scarlet breast and glossy wing,
That comes in the apple tree to sing.

I flung a stone as he twittered there,
I only meant to give him a scare,
But off it went, and it hit him square.

A little flutter, a little cry,
Then on the ground I saw him lie;
I didn't think he was going to die.

But as I watched him I soon could see
He never would give him a scare,
Any more in the apple tree.

Never more in the morning light,
Never more in the sunshine bright,
Trilling his song in gay delight.

And I'm thinking every summer day
How never, never, I can repay
That little life I took away.

—Sydney Dyer.

Autumn.

Oh, the wheat is waving whiskers,
And the corn is wearing silks,
And the stalks are waving tassels all so fair;
And the berries blush for pickers,
And the crows give utterance,
And the thrushes are fluttering in the air.

And the argus eyed new tater
Is peeping from the hill,
And the fox says, "Won't you twist me into
twine?"

And the ghost dust covered miller
Is a-grinding at the mill,
And the pumpkin is a-pulling at the vine.

And once more 'tis Indian summer,
For the weather's smoky blue,
And the little ones are gathering on the gate;
The melon and the cucumber
Are both making much ado,
And the apple's seeking o'er the state.

And we hear the loud exhorters,
For 'tis now camp meeting time,
And the chickens are a-laying very low;
And the harvest moon gives quarters
To all those without a dime,
And lovers stroll where gentle breezes blow.

And Jack Frost's nest has feathered,
And the squirrels are in glees,
And the thrasher's hum is heard throughout 'the
land,
And the nuts will have a lunking bee,
And we'll have the timber of the vine.

And the cider press is grinding
All the nectar from the fruit,
And the farmer takes his swine out to the fair;
And we see the gourd a-climbing,
While the prices follow suit,
And the thrushes are floating in the air.

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WOMAN'S WORLD.

GUATEMALA SENDS A WOMAN ON AN IMPORTANT MISSION.

Women Displacing Men—Tramps and New Women—She Caught the Train. A Woman's Will—Jeweled Animals. London's Latest Fad.

Mrs. Antonio Zaldivar de Blanco, who is at present a guest at the Palace hotel, has come here on a mission of considerable importance to two Central American governments. It is not often that a government intrusts matters that are of vital importance to the administration to a woman, but Mrs. Blanco has the distinction of being so honored. She is prominently connected by birth, marriage and social ties with the administration of Guatemala, Salvador and Nicaragua, and the fact that she has a keen intellect and takes a deep interest in political and governmental affairs is said to be responsible for the important commission she has



MRS. ANTONIO ZALDIVAR DE BLANCO, been called upon to execute. Among other things she will make a study of the financial conditions in Mexico and the financial methods of the Mexican government to enable President Estrada Cabrera to reorganize the treasury system of Guatemala on a sounder basis after the financial readjustment now in progress. Incidentally she has been commissioned to make some extensive purchases of uniforms for the troops of Guatemala and has been asked by President Zelaya of Nicaragua to study the military ambulance systems of the several countries she will visit on her present trip and purchase a full equipment of modern military ambulances for shipment to Nicaragua. She will spend a month in Mexico and after that will go to France for an extended stay.

Mrs. Blanco is the wife of a man prominent in business and financial circles in Guatemala and Salvador. She enjoys the friendship of President Regalado of Salvador, President Cabrera of Guatemala and President Zelaya of Nicaragua, as well as ex-President Gutierrez of Salvador. She is a niece of ex-President Zaldivar, whom she expects to join in the City of Mexico shortly.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Women Displacing Men. A correspondent tells the story of a competent bookkeeper with a good record who cannot get work. Female cheap labor lost him the place he had. Two women offered to do his work for less pay than he was getting. His employers were ashamed to ask him to work for women's wages and so discharged him. He might, however, have thought a half loaf better than no bread. Finally the correspondent asks if it is possible that the time is near at hand when women will take the men's places in business and compel the men to stay at home and play with the pots and pans.

The day of masculine displacement does not seem to be near at hand. In 1890 there were 18,821,000 males engaged in gainful pursuits in the United States to 3,914,000 females. The next census will show the males still in the lead, although there will no doubt be an increase in the percentage of females. In 1880 a trifle over 15 per cent of those engaged in gainful occupations were females and in 1890 a little over 17 per cent.

Women have invaded many fields of labor during the last 50 years. There were few occupations open to them in the first half of the century. They could be domestic servants, dressmakers and seamstresses, cotton spinners and schoolteachers in a small way, and that was about all. Most of the schoolteachers were males. So were all the bookkeepers and clerks in retail stores.

At present the female teachers are to the male teachers as three to one. There are two female stenographers and typewriters to one male. But in 1890 there were only 27,772 female bookkeepers and accountants to 131,602 males. Of clerks and copyists there were 64,219 of the former and 493,139 of the latter. There were 58,451 female and 205,943 male salesmen.

As has been said, there were 3,914,000 women engaged in gainful occupations in 1890. Of these about a third were servants. Of the remaining two-thirds the great majority would be idle if the field of female employment were as restricted as it was in 1840.—Chicago Tribune.

Tramps and New Women.

The tramps are having a hard time of it these days, according to one who was fed from the back door of a farmhouse the other day. "If it hadn't been for soft hearted women," said the tramp as he finished his biscuit, "there would have been no tramping. It was their pity and sympathy and charity that built up the profession, and now it is the women folks who are knocking us out. Five years hence a tramp will find it as hard to pick up an old hat or a cold bite as to buy up steamboats. The change began about four years ago,

and, though it's slow, it keeps moving right along. I find it a harder job to day to get a sandwich than it used to be to raise a whole suit of clothes. Lor bless you, how easy it was to get along a few years back! If a woman would not give out of charity, she'd give because she was afraid of a tramp. Let him scowl at her, and she'd set out on the best in the house. That time has gone by. When a tramp makes a call now, he meets a new woman. She has a revolver on the clock shelf or a baseball bat behind the door, and she freezes his blood by saying: 'Now, then, I don't want to hear a word about your dying wife, your starving children, your consumption or your liver complaint. There's 40 bushels of ashes down cellar, and if you want to carry them out I'll give you a slice of bread and butter!' Time was when I could have scared that woman into a fit and got away with a bundle, but now at the first word of sass down comes the gun or up goes that club, and it's cut sticks or be sent to the hospital. It's the new woman and her new ways, and I can shut my eyes as I sit under a straw stack and figure out that ten years hence even a tramp with both lungs gone and his heart split in two will have to work for what he eats."—Elmira Telegram.

She Caught the Train. The wit of a New Orleans girl was illustrated not long since in the matter of expedients. She is almost a beauty and altogether stunning as to figure, style and high breeding, and her loge at the opera is always in the focus of admiring longons. Now that you know who she is we will proceed with the story. This girl, her grandmother and sister one night were starting off for New York and arrived at the Louisville and Nashville station just as the train was steaming past the sugar sheds. To return to a dismantled, tight closed house was an impossibility. To remain overnight at a hotel when their trunks, tickets and sleeping car accommodations awaited them would be an hourly discomfort and harassment. Quick as a flash our popular girl summed up the situation. Standing on the track puffing like a furnace was a great locomotive engine. Turning to the engineer, she asked, "Can you take us down to Esplanade or Elysian Fields street to overtake the north bound train?" The engineer thought he could. The old lady was hoisted into the cabin of the engine by the combined efforts of half a dozen kindly railroad employees, and the young woman sprang in after her. Their handbags were thrown in after them, and then the exciting ride of a few squares was begun. It was the reward of a woman's ready wit and quick action that they gained on and finally overtook their train at Elysian Fields halt and that the journey thenceforward was without incident. Such women as these save the day under any stress, whether the motive be heroic or mere pleasure.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Woman's Will.

A female over 12 years of age in New Mexico and over 16 in New York may bequeath her personal property, but 18 is the age fixed for devising real estate in California, Colorado, Connecticut, Dakota, District of Columbia, Illinois, Maryland, Minnesota, Montana, Nevada, Utah and Washington, while in the other states the testatrix must be 21 years of age. Married women may devise their separate estates in Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, California, Connecticut, Dakota, District of Columbia, Idaho, Kentucky, Maine, Missouri, Nevada, North Carolina, Tennessee, Utah, Vermont, Virginia, Wisconsin and Wyoming. It is necessary in the other states that a married woman have the written consent of her husband before disposing of her property by will. An unmarried woman's will is legally revoked by marriage, but her property may be arranged in such a manner as to permit her to dispose of it after marriage as she may desire. The person making the will is called the testator; feminine, testatrix. A will is of no effect until the death of the testator and may be changed or canceled at any time by him. A will may be revoked by marriage, a codicil, destruction of will, disposing of property devised in the will or by the execution of another will, as the last will annuls the power of any preceding one. If real estate is conveyed by will, it should be done in accordance with the laws of the state or county in which the land is located, but personal property is conveyed in harmony with the laws of the place in which the testator resides. Mary Adelaide DeCamp in Woman's Home Companion.

Jeweled Animals.

Minutely accurate reproductions of animal forms in charms, brooches and scarfpins are the present delight of lovers of fine jewelry. Paris as usual created the fashion. London approved it. New York welcomed it, and jewelers' cases have become veritable little menageries through the advent of birds and beasts in gold and gems. There is nothing trashy about the jewelry. Every muscle and shadow that gives grace and reality to the living body and expression to the face is brought out by skillful dwork and the cunning use of the various colors of gold, and at least the eyes are jeweled. The prices of the simpler articles range from \$4 to \$20 and those of the more elaborately jeweled from \$35 to \$100, even higher. Provided with a small ring, the animals are hung as charms upon a chateleine, the collection of one fair admirer of the fashion comprising 30 of these charms. Many of the watch chains are for the mildly superstitious, notably that in the form of the luck bringing pig. Others are grotesque or mechanical, as a charm in which a monkey and parrot are pivoted in a gold ring in such a way that a slight motion makes

them appear to be having the traditional "monkey and parrot time." There are also elephants, storks, sea horses and innumerable others. In fact, the jeweler seems to have turned his zoology inside out so as to make the assortment complete.—Jewelers' Weekly.

Where Should the Young Man Go.

As a cure for rheumatism Chamberlain's Pain Balm is gaining a wide reputation. D. B. Johnson of Richmond, Ind., has been troubled with that ailment since 1862. In speaking of it he says: "I never found anything that would relieve me until I used Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It acts like magic with me. My foot was swollen and paining me very much, but one application of Pain Balm relieved me."

For sale by G. R. Wiley, Bethel, A. S. Bean, W. Bethel, W. H. Crockett, Locke Mills, J. W. Bennett, Gil-ead, A. R. Small & Son, Bryant Pond.

A Health Giving Exercise.

Breathing exercises alone will do much to improve the general health of nearly all women. Stand before a mirror in a room into which a good supply of air is coming and raise the hands straight over the head and then let them drop naturally to the side without attempting to square the shoulders. Then, closing the mouth, take a long, deep breath and hold it in the lungs a few seconds. Repeat this as often as you can without feeling tired. Each day try the same exercise until you can hold a breath for a minute or a minute and a half. This will increase the exterior of the chest and develop the interior. Short, quick gasps are not normal breathing. By reducing the respiration to ten a minute for five consecutive minutes three times a day one will soon acquire full breathing. This is most important for weak and sickly children. As the fresh air is a great stimulant to the lungs when deeply inhaled one has to be very careful not to bring on dizziness by overexercising at first. Every woman must be a guide to herself. Always stop exercising before fatigue sets in, as overexercising and no exercise at all bring the same results. Never try the limit of your strength.—Lillian Baynes Griffin in Woman's Home Companion.

A Sure Cure for Croup. Twenty-five Years' Constant Use Without a Failure.

The first indication of croup is hoarseness, and in a child subject to that disease it may be taken as a sign of the approach of an attack. Following this hoarseness is a peculiar rough cough. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough appears, it will prevent the attack. It is used in many thousands of homes in this broad land and never disappoints the anxious mothers. We have yet to learn of a single instance in which it has not proved effectual. No other preparation can show such a record—twenty-five years' constant use without a failure.

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FOUNTAIN PEN.

We must have the people pretty well supplied with fountain pens for the way we have put them out for the past two years, but we have a few more and here they go. Bethel News one year and one of the best fountain pens on the market for \$1.98. This applies to new advance subscriptions and renewals. We have a limited number of these, so remember that "The first come will be first served."

Ladies' Mahogany Desk.... This desk is polished like a piano and is worth \$18.00. It is made of the best mahogany and is of the latest design. It is a perfect work of art and is a great help to the lady who uses it. It is a perfect work of art and is a great help to the lady who uses it.

Buy a Smooth White Skin For Your Face! It probably needs renewing, for it is rough, red, freckled, blotched or pimply, and it has become repulsive instead of attractive. Healthy skin is beautiful. Blotches, freckles, pimples, and other skin troubles are easily removed by using the skin. Price 50 cents a jar at druggists.

THE HOUSEHOLD OUTFITTERS. Oren Hooper's Sons, Portland, Maine.

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SAUERKRAUT FOR COWS.

Said to Be an Excellent Thing in Sickness.

A reporter among the Pennsylvania Germans of Lancaster county discovered what will probably be to most people a distinctively new use for sauerkraut, a native production of old Lancaster and a staple article of food, says the Pittsburg Times. He had called to see an old friend who keeps a dairy and found the dairyman in the act of taking great bunches of succulent cabbage from a barrel in the cellar. The odor pervaded the neighborhood and made glad the nostrils of every true and loyal Pennsylvania Dutchman within a distance of about half a mile. The reporter was astonished when the dairyman picked up a bucketful of sauerkraut and carried it to his cow stalls. The second animal in the long row of stalls was a big, strong boned cow. Her head was hanging low under the manger, although there was a plentiful supply of hay in the rack above. Her ears had a dejected droop and her eyes were half closed. She was evidently a very sick cow at a time when she should have been in good spirits, for among the Pennsylvania Germans it is still a popular belief that on Christmas eve the cows in their stalls may be heard to talk to each other of the great event of the day commemorates. The bucketful of sauerkraut was dumped into the manger. The cow by some peculiar system of feeding first gave evidence of the appreciation by slowly switching her tail, which had before hung limp and lifeless. Then she raised her head, poked her great muzzle into the rack and slowly began to munch the stuff. Fifteen minutes later she looked quite happy. She had eaten all the kraut and was taking great mouthfuls of the hay. The dairyman said sauerkraut had long been known as one of the best things in the world to give a sick cow an appetite.

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The Bethel News

Published Wednesdays by the
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BETHEL, - MAINE.

E. C. BOWLER, Editor.
Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The colored slip on your paper denotes the time to which you have paid for your paper. If not correct notify us immediately.
Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office—whether directed to his address or another or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for its payment.
If any person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made and collect the whole amount whether it is taken from the office or not.
If you want to discontinue your paper, write to the publisher yourself, and don't leave it to the postmaster.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 27, 1899.

A dealer who is shrewd and wise
Is very sure to advertise,
And to become, as he grows wiser,
Still more and more an advertiser.

Bethel farmers should give more
attention to the dairy business
during the winter months.

Land in the little island of Guam,
that was worth only \$15 an acre
under Spanish rule, is now selling
for \$100 an acre.

Everything is up but some
things are upper. Green hides are
selling at 13½ cents per pound
against 8½ cents, five years ago.

During the month of November
there was an increase of more than
29,000 instruments in the net out-
put of the Bell Telephone Com-
pany, and an increase of over 247,000
for the eleven months ending with
November.

There are many advertisers who
should learn a lesson from the ex-
perience of a Bangor concern of
whom the Bucksport Herald tells.
The firm in question, thinking to
do some advertising in Bucksport,
went to that town with a rack load
of printed matter and began dis-
tributing it right and left, where-
upon a battalion of young Ameri-
cans bethought themselves to have
a finger in the pie, and immedi-
ately organized in the rear and began
operations. The gathering was as
thorough as the distribution, and
the little fellows were known to re-
mark that they got enough paper
to keep their fires going a week.

Bethel Creamery Leads.

W. E. Abbott certainly scored
one when he placed his butter on
exhibition at the Maine Dairy-
men's Association held at Lewis-
ton, Dec. 19-21, and "swept the
board" though in competition with
16 of the best creameries in the
State.

The butter from the Bethel
creamery not only takes the high-
est score of any on exhibition, but
it also won the cash premium of-
fered by the association, the
special prize of a gold plated cen-
ter draft lamp by A. L. and E. F.
Goss, the special of a gold watch
by the Worcester Salt company
and the special of a solid gold
medal by the Wells and Richard-
son Co.

Mr. Abbott's butter has always
scored high and made excellent
showing when put in competition
with that of other creameries in
the State and taking practically all
of the first prizes is certainly a
scoring worth getting.

Our people should be proud,
they doubtless are proud, that in
the quality of its productions the
Bethel creamery stands first to-
day in the State of Maine. This
means more to the patrons of our
creamery than they can possibly
realize. The price of butter de-
pends upon its quality and the
standing that it secures beside that
of other creameries. Let Bethel
creamery retain the standing
which it has secured and prices in
the future will take care of them-
selves.

Mr. Abbott believes that there
is room at the top in the creamery
business as well as in all kinds of
business, and with the co-opera-
tion of his patrons he is sure to
occupy that room.

Potato pudding is easily prepared and
makes a good and desirable addition
to roast beef. Chop one-half cup of
suet with three raw potatoes to a de-
gree of fineness. Season this with
pepper, salt and any preferred spice.
Stir in flour for thickening and boil
for three hours in a bag.

Resolutions.

WHEREAS: The angel of death
has taken from our midst our be-
loved sister, Abbie Inez Howe,
therefore:

RESOLVED, That it is but a just
tribute to the memory of the de-
parted to say that in regretting
her removal from our midst we
mourn for one who was in every
way worthy of our respect and re-
gard.

RESOLVED, That we sincerely con-
dole with the family of our de-
parted friend, and commend them for
consolation to Him who orders all
things for the best, and whose
chastisements are meant in mercy.

RESOLVED, That this heartfelt
testimonial of our sympathy and
sorrow be forwarded to the pa-
rents of the departed friend by the
Secretary of this lodge.

"Some other world is glad to see
Our star that's gone away;

The light whose going makes our night
Makes somewhere else a day."

ETTA W. SMITH, } Committee
ALICE I. B. STAPLES, } on
LUNA E. ABBOTT, } Resolutions.

Tickling Straws.

Oh the Siamese twins were a singular
pair:

Two bodies and yet only one, I declare!
Now see, ye grammarians, city and ru-
ral,

Here's a case where a singular thing
could be plural.

SHE MADE HER MARK.

Ah, plain was her face and her figure
lacked grace,

None noticed her 'mid the procession;
But she fell with a thud in the slip-
pery mud,

And there she made quite an impres-
sion.

Cradles should be sold at bed-
rock prices.

When one gets a stitch in his
side about all he can do is to let it
rip.

It may afford a boy more or less
satisfaction to "make up faces" at
another boy, but it is only when
the other boy knows it that results
follow.

A BIG DIFFERENCE.

"Tommy," said the teacher, "is
there any difference between the
words sufficient and enough?"

"Yes'm," replied the youngster.
"Sufficient is when mother thinks
I have eaten enough pie, and
enough is when I think I have
eaten sufficient."

Teacher—"Where are you going
Nellie?"

"Papa's going to take us to Flor-
ida again."

Teacher—"Can you tell what the
capital of Florida is?" "Yes'm, it's
the money they get from the
boarders."

GOOD ADVISE.

Oh merchant in thine hour of e e e,
If on this paper you should c c c,
And look for something to a p p p,
Your yearning for greenback v v v,
Take our advice and be y y y.
Go straightway out and advert i i i,
You'll find the project of some u u u,
Neglect can offer no e x q q q,
Be wise at once, prolong your d a a a,
A silent business soon d k k k.
—Buffalo News.

"It is an ill Wind
That Blows Nobody Good."

That small ache or pain or
weakness is the "ill wind"
that directs your attention to
the necessity of purifying
your blood by taking Hood's
Sarsaparilla. Then your
whole body receives good,
for the purified blood goes
tingling to every organ. It
is the great remedy for all
ages and both sexes.

Dyspepsia — "Complicated with
liver and kidney trouble, I suffered for
years from dyspepsia, with severe pains.
Hood's Sarsaparilla made me strong and
healthy." J. B. Emerton, Auburn, Me.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and
only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

P-I-N-S
—Scarlet Pins and
Brooches—some
extra fine ones in
solid gold, other
pretty ones in plate
and sterling.
Gentlemen all like a nice scarf pin.
Ladies are pleased with a stick pin
or brooch. Put these on your
Xmas list.
Jeweler & Optician, EDW. KING

DR. F. L. BARTLETT.

An Old Oxford Boy Among the
Canyons of Colorado.

The following was taken from
the Denver Evening Post. Dr.
Bartlett was born in Hanover, at-
tended school at Gould's Academy,
and later was one of its teachers.

On the 21st of last month a deal
was consummated by which all in-
terests of the American Zinc-Lead
company west of Chicago passed
into the hands of H. L. Hollister
of Boston, and Dr. F. L. Bartlett
of this city. This includes valua-
ble patents and considerable min-
ing property in New Mexico, and
the American Zinc-Lead smelter,
located here. The amount involv-
ed in the purchase is \$250,000.
These interests were formerly con-
trolled by a company of Boston
capitalists, in conjunction with
large Eastern holdings. Dr. Bart-
lett had the management of the
Colorado and New Mexico inter-
ests and has made an eminent suc-
cess of the business. During a re-
cent trip East he made arrange-
ments for a sufficient amount of
capital to enlarge the plant here
to three times its present capacity,
and the purchase of the Western
interests is a part of this plan.
When all additions contemplated
are complete this smelter will have
capacity of 800 tons of zinc ore per
diem, and a force of 225 men will
be required to handle the product.

Among the new buildings plan-
ned are a smelting building, a
flume building, six bag rooms, an
enlargement of the boiler, engine
and sampling room, a drying
house and copper shop. The smelt-
ing building will duplicate the
present buildings and will parallel
it on the east. Workmen are now
engaged in excavating for the
foundations, which will be 80 feet
wide by 200 feet long. In this
building there will be five new
blast furnaces and sixteen zinc
furnaces, giving the smelter a total
of ten blast furnaces and twenty-
four zinc furnaces. The engine
and boiler capacity will be increas-
ed to 1000 horse-power, and two
eighteen-foot exhaust fans added.

These fans are the largest manu-
factured, having a capacity of sup-
plying 500,000 cubic feet of air per
minute.

At the extreme west side of the
grounds, twenty-six acres in ex-
tent, work is going forward on the
flume building, a mammoth struc-
ture 50x250 feet and 40 feet high.
In all there will be fourteen new
buildings, erected in the form of a
hollow square as protection against
the wind.

At the southwest corner of the
grounds a brickyard has been es-
tablished with a daily capacity of
20,000 brick. In this connection
an improved drying house has
been constructed, making it pos-
sible to dry the brick the same day
they are made and place them in
kiln for burning the next day.
The product of this department,
for the present, will be used in im-
provements.

A million and a half of brick
will thus be used. After that the
plant will be put to producing for
the market. Fire was started
Monday in the first kiln of 20,000.
The drying process is a production
of artificial heat by means of steam
pipes laid a few inches beneath
the surface of the dirt floor. It is
thus possible to maintain a high
average temperature and dry the
brick in a very short time after
moulding. The idea is a very
novel one, but thoroughly practi-
cable, greatly facilitating the
manufacture and insuring the fill-
ing of an order on comparatively
short notice regardless of weather
conditions.

The product of the cooper shop
is estimated at 200 finished barrels
per day. These barrels will be
used to facilitate the handling and
shipment of the smelter output,
which is white lead.

The American zinc-lead smelter
occupies a position peculiar to it-
self, and using a patented process
for the manufacture of its product,
is without a rival in the world.
When the reconstruction of the
plant has been completed it will
have double the capacity of any
other zinc smelter now in exist-
ence. While the company has
never made a specialty of treating
gold and silver ores, it employs
one of the best processes known
for saving the precious metals and
has always had a demand for this
kind of work far in excess of its
capacity for treating.

The new corporation will be

Now
That
the
Snow
has come,
people are
needing

HEAVY UNDERWEAR.

Ladies, you
will find just
what you need
for Yourself and
Children in
Hosiery and
Underwear at

E. E. BURNHAM'S.

known as the American Zinc-Lead
Smelting company. The capital
stock has increased from \$500,000
to \$1,000,000, and the principal
offices changed from Boston to
Canon City. Dr. Bartlett will re-
tain his position as general man-
ager and will have almost exclu-
sive control of the business affairs
of the concern. The pay roll of the
new establishment when in full
blast will amount to an aggregate
of \$5,062.50.

The amount of money to be ex-
pended in improvements has not
been made public, but it is esti-
mated that it will be close to
\$75,000. This smelter began treat-
ing its first shipment of ore ten
years ago and has been in uninterr-
upted operation ever since, except
during the annual clean-up, which
is a period of ten days usually in
the month of July. The company
has enjoyed immunity from labor
complications and the wage scale
remains practically unchanged
from that adopted at the outset.
It is now, and always has been, a
money-making institution, and it
can rightly be said is one of the
biggest ore reduction plants in the
state of Colorado.

Dr. Bartlett is usually very re-
sistant with newspaper men, and
has never before been known to
talk of any proposed improvement
in his plant, or of company affair-
for publication. It is considered
a great concession on his part that
the above facts are related at this
time.

Sincere Thanks.

To all who in any way assisted
me in procuring the beautiful
range through the recent contest,
I desire to extend my most sincere
thanks.

Every effort from the smallest to
the greatest, is thoroughly appre-
ciated. The range will be of great
assistance to me in my work, and
will be a constant reminder of the
many friends who came to my
assistance at this time.

May you each and every one
have as merry a Christmas as you
have helped to make or me.

MRS. WALTON WIGHT.

A Card.

To the members of the Ladies'
Relief Corps and Brown Post,
G. A. R.:

Dear Comrades and Friends:
Mrs. Morton and myself wish to
express to you our sincere appre-
ciation and thanks for all your
kind acts and gifts to us in the
past, and especially for the latest—
a beautiful Morris chair with letter
and contents, received Christmas
day, which came to us as a perfect
surprise. Please come and see
what a comfort your present is.

Truly your comrade

and friend,

JOHN A. MORTON.

To Cure Constipation Forever.
Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c.
If C. C. & Co. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

OVERSTOCKED.

Owing to a backward season, I am overstocked. Now a SLAUGH-
TER SALE is in order.

Dress Goods.	Ladies' and Children's Jackets.
\$2.00 Crepons, now,	\$1.60 25 per cent. Discount.
1.75 " " "	1.37 \$10.00 Jackets, now, \$7.50
1.50 " " "	1.19 .50 " " 3.75
1.25 " " "	1.00 Others same proportion.
1.00 Colored Novelties,	.75

Shawls 33 per cent Discount.

Men's, Youths', and Boys' Winter Suits and Overcoats
Slaughtered.

\$5.00 Suits this Sale,	\$3.75
6.00 and \$6.50 Suits, this Sale,	4.89
7.00 " 7.50 " " "	5.59
8.00 " 8.50 " " "	6.39
10.00, 10.50, and \$11.00 Suits, this Sale,	7.98

Overcoats and Reefers, same proportion.

LARGEST STOCK OF HOLIDAY GOODS.

COME IN AND YOU WILL BUY.

Yours respectfully,

L. B. ANDREWS,
SOUTH PARIS, ME.

We Want the People of Bethel and Vicinity

to know that we have got one of the best lines of all kinds of
FOOTWEAR in the State of Maine. As this store is owned by

The Largest Wholesale Boot and Shoe House

in Maine, you must know that to undersell us is impossible. We
can and do sell the same grade of goods as low or lower than the
lowest. We earnestly request comparison. We are sole agents
for the celebrated SOROSIS Shoes for Ladies. We always have
all the new things in our line. At present we have an Elegant
Line of Winter Footwear of all kinds, and the Best Line of
SLIPPERS ever shown in this county. Also TRUNKS, BAGS,
SUIT CASES, and LADIES' SHOPPING BAGS. If you need any-
thing in our line we know we can please you. Please call and
see us; make our store your headquarters while in town.

Yours truly,

SMILEY SHOE STORE, Norway, Maine.

E. N. Swett, Manager, F. W. Faunce, Salesman.

For Christmas Gifts

Something useful is best.

You will find what you need in Ladies' Handkerchiefs, Shopping
Bags, Fascinators, Boas, Muffs, Purses, Gloves and Mittens; Gents'
Neckties, Mufflers, Linen and Silk Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, Collars
and Cuffs, Knives, Match Safes, Gloves, Mittens and Wristers; Ladies',
Men's, and Boys' Slippers, Ladies', Misses', and Gents' Overshoes, also
a good line of Stationery, Hand Mirrors, Brushes, and many other
articles too numerous to mention. Call and examine them.

CEYLON ROWE,

BETHEL, MAINE.

Fur Coats
AND
Fur Robes

BEST ASSORTMENT
AND
LOWEST PRICES
+ + + + +

Horse Blankets in all Grades and Styles

Attention is again called to a stock food I am selling. You
can't afford to be without it. If it don't prove satisfactory
it costs nothing to try it.
Come in and let me tell you about it.

YOUNG'S @ HARNESS STORE @

The place to buy GLENWOOD RANGES

AND HEATERS, Wood and Coal FURNACES,
Hardware, Tinware, Dynamite and Powder, Iron and Steel, DERBY
Paint, PRINCE'S Tinted Lead, White Lead, Linseed Oil
Guns, Ammunition, Lumbermen's Supplies, Lubricating and
Kerosine Oils, etc. etc., is of

STANLEY BISBEE,

Telephone 7-2

RUMFORD FALLS, ME.

WEST BETHEL.

"The editor hung up his stocking with care, In hope that St Nicholas soon would get there. He awoke in the morn—the case was quite shocking, Some fellow had stolen the editor's stocking."

The days are growing longer.

Alton Smith was in town Sunday.

Warm weather and good sleighing for the holidays.

E. S. Smith is now selling flour and meal at his house.

People on foot are crossing the Androscoggin river on the ice.

Miss Maud Merrow came home from Hanover, Friday, and went back Monday evening.

Edgar and Edith Briggs went to Albany, Saturday, to visit their sister, Mrs. Etta Cummings.

Hazen Lowell, Howard Burgess, and Will Mills came home from Shelburne, N. H., to enjoy Christmas festivities.

Eugene Briggs and wife of So. Paris, spent Christmas with his father, brothers and sisters in his old home.

David Morrill, who has worked for a number of months in Providence, R. I., returned here last week, and goes to work for George Leighton in Albany.

MIDDLE INTERVALE.

Francis Carter spent Sunday at home.

Mrs. E. P. Kimball has sold a cow and her hay to H. S. Hastings.

H. S. Hastings loaded three carloads of hay from the Henry Farwell place, last week.

School did not keep, Monday, so Miss Kelliher spent the short vacation at her home in Bethel.

Christmas was spent very quietly here; several had family trees and all seemed to have a nice time.

Mr. A. M. Carter was home for Christmas. He reports no sledding in the vicinity of Dummer, N. H.

Mrs. Guy Swan came to S. N. Kimball's, Saturday night. She will spend a few days here and at Mr. Charles Swan's.

Ned Carter has finished his work of cutting and yarding the Capen pine, and is now moving to Greenwood, where he has taken the "Purification" pine to cut and haul to the "Hill." He camps, while there, in the Will Holt house.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.
Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All drug stores, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

We Take Stock

In January, therefore we must reduce our stock, and certain departments call for a cut in prices to quicken results.

For instance, there are some of our most desirable garments that are unsold in some sizes.

They are made of all wool kersey and lined throughout with silk. They sold for \$15.00 and they were considered cheap.

We have marked them to close at \$9.98. \$4.98 will buy our \$8.75 Jackets. From \$2 to \$3 will buy one of our Children's Jackets.

Fine Dress Patterns

must also go. Any of our dress patterns that have sold at \$1.00 per yard. Now 65c.

There are many kinds of Dress Goods we are selling at 12½c, 19c, 25c, 37½c and 50c that will please you.

Thomas Smiley,

NORWAY, ME.

SOUTH PARIS.

The store windows are beautifully decorated.

Mrs. J. J. Murphy went to Boston, Thursday, to visit friends and relatives.

The So. Paris Whist Club will meet in G. A. R. hall on the evening of Jan. 2.

Mr. Nathan Chase, who is attending the University of Maine, spent Christmas with his parents.

Mr. Carl Gray of Paris, spent Christmas at home. Mr. Gray has been working on the street railway in Boston.

The next meeting of the Ladies' Whist Club will be held at the residence of Mrs. Ingalls Evans, on the afternoon of Jan. 3.

Mr. Mark Matt met with a serious accident, last Friday, while feeding the gang edger in the saw mill of the Paris Mfg. Co. Upon putting a cracked board against the saw, it split and a piece of the board struck him in the eye. It was at first thought that he would lose his eye, but the doctors now say that he will recover the use of it. He is at the Eye and Ear Infirmary in Lewiston.

The operatives of the Paris Mfg. Co. received a surprise party, Saturday night. The overseers in the various departments told them to apply at the office at the close of the day. Upon arriving, Supt. H. F. Morton mounted a box and told them that they were to receive a present, as an appreciation for their faithful service; adding that he hoped to do better by them later on. After wishing all a Merry Christmas, he gave each man a beautiful box of chocolate bonbons, with which they were much pleased, and expressed hearty thanks.

SUNDAY RIVER.

Last Saturday evening the new school house was the scene of unusual gaiety. The S. S. I. League gave their first public entertainment and were very successful. The scholars took all the active parts with the able assistance of their teacher, Miss Merrill, and some of the young people who are members of the League. The centre of attraction was the heavily loaded Christmas tree, which, with its profusion of gifts and twinkling tapers, delighted the children exceedingly. A leading feature of the entertainment was a dance by little Edla Kendall, a midget of three summers, who tripped the light fantastic toe in a way that would put to shame many would-be graceful dancers. A selection by two young men from Gould's Academy, Messrs. Robert Bean and Everett Brown, was rendered in a very creditable manner. Mrs. Flora Bartlett gave an excellent recitation. Bessie Brown made a sweet little "Flower of the Family." Martin Jackson made a spirited "Attack on Washington." Ethel Brown and Lillian Bean recited very nicely. A concert recitation with motions by the primary class gave credit to their teacher. Mr. Guy Littlehale was master of ceremonies. The new flag was conspicuously draped over a window. After the entertainment, the gifts were distributed and all were made happy with their dainty Christmas souvenirs. The S. S. I. L. M. wish to thank those who attended the entertainment for their liberal patronage and kindness. At last enough money has been raised to start the library, and we hope to procure it before school closes.

GROVER HILL.

"Christmas comes but once a year, Christmas always brings good cheer." A merry Christmas to the News. Mr. J. S. Hutchins remains about the same.

Eli F. Stearns was here Friday, to look at some cattle.

L. A. Sawin and family were recent guests at W. M. Brown's.

Messrs. Bowler and Valentine visited the school in this district, one day last week.

G. R. Wiley, Bethel; A. S. Bean, W. Bethel; W. H. Crockett, Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett, Gilead; A. R. Small & Son, Bryant Pond guarantee every bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and will refund the money to any one who is not satisfied after using two-thirds of the contents. This is the best remedy in the world for la grippe, coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough and is pleasant and safe to take. It prevents any tendency of a cold to result in pneumonia.

BRYANT POND.

Mrs. Amanda Sheeran is on the sick list.

Family Christmas trees have been in order.

The store recently purchased by Ed Andrews is being painted inside.

Mrs. George Will Day is very sick; it is feared she will have pneumonia.

Miss Florence A. Day, who graduated from Gorham Normal School last Friday, is at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Reid and Mr. and Mrs. Deck Peverley dined with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearson, December 24.

Mrs. Freeman Farrar of Sumner who has been staying with her daughter, Mrs. John Foster, has returned home.

In the Dec. 13 News, did anyone find out just how that "Measuring Party" was played? I, for one, should like to know.

We wish to thank Addie Kendall Mason for her poem in last week's News, and hope it will not be long before we can read another from the same source.

WILSON'S MILLS.

J. W. Clark and wife returned home Tuesday.

J. O. Tenney of Gorham, N. H., was in town, Friday.

The King's Daughters Circle met with Mrs. S. S. Bennett, Wednesday afternoon.

Bert Sherburn started for his home, Tuesday. Guy Brooks carried him to Errol.

A. H. Curtis of Groveton, N. H., was in town Saturday, delivering Christmas goods which had been ordered.

Lois Bennett gave a party Saturday, in honor of her eighth birthday. A fine treat of candy was provided, and the little hostess received many beautiful and useful gifts.

MILTON PLANTATION.

Mrs. Olive Andrews is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Swift.

Mabel Brooks visited Maud Bartlett of Bethel, a few days last week.

There was a Christmas tree at Mr. Coffin's, Monday night, for the little ones.

E. Andrews is having his store at Bryant Pond cleaned, painted, etc. Mr. Will Brooks will run the store here as soon as vacated.

The following spent Christmas with their parents: Fred and Mark Allen, Ivy and Florence Richardson, Mrs. Peaslee and daughter, and Laura Swift.

Bethel Market!



MEATS.

Chicago Beef, Rounds, and Loins. Pork Ribs, Boneless and Pressed Ham, Veal and Lamb in their season. Ex-Cornd Beef, Chicken and Fowl, Frankforts, Tongues and Sausages.

Oysters.

Providence River Oysters and Clams.

Fresh Crackers

and Pickles.

Give me my share of your patronage, and in return I will give you good goods, and keep a place that will be a credit as well as an accommodation to all.

C. A. LUCAS, Prop
Opposite G. P. Bean's Store.

Sterling Silver Novelties

—Three words that stand for a great many different articles. Come in and see how many I have. Just the thing for Xmas, nice, yet inexpensive. EDWARD KING.

NEWRY CORNER.

"In spangle of frost, and stars of snow, Unto his end the year doth wend; And sad for some the days did go, And glad for some were beginning and end;

But, sad or glad, grieve not for his death, Mournfully counting your measures of breath,

You, that before the worlds began, Were seed of woman and surely of man; You that are older than Aldebaran; It was but a whirl round about the sun, A silver dance of the planets done, A step in the Infinite Minuet Which the great stars pace to a music set

By Life Immortal and Love Divine Which sounds, in your span of three, score and ten,

One chord of Harmony, fair and fine, Of what did make you women and men. In spangle of frost, in stars of snow, Sad or glad—let the Old Year go."

Happy New Year to all. Our friend, Don Smith, who had a bad fall a short time ago, and has been incapacitated for work, is now able to ride about.

The ladies of the Union Circle will meet with Mr. and Mrs. Stone at the parsonage, on Wednesday Jan. 3. All are invited to bring a pound to this Pound Party.

The store of Mr. Frank Bisbee ranks first in our little village. With its well-filled shelves, its tastefully arranged tables of pretty articles, who can fail to find a desirable present?

The Fair of the Ladies' Union Circle is already a thing of the past. A goodly crowd met at Bisbee Hall on the evening of Dec. 22. The fancy tables were arranged in the form of a Maltese cross, and well filled with articles both useful and ornamental. The walls were decorated with quilts and rugs. In a corner, was the fishpond where every angler was sure of a bite. The McGinties, after a year's repose, again turned somersaults for the amusement of the children. Punctually at half past nine, the U. S. mail bags appeared and Master Paul Thurston and Leslie Carlton distributed the evening letters. The supper table was laid in the vestry. The supper was like unto the suppers at Newry Corner, both abundant and delicious. Music by Messrs. Sann, Harlowe, and Allen, was excellent. Mrs. Gene Twitchell presided at the organ. Recitations by Miss Ellen Douglass, Miss Maud Thurston, and Miss Lizzie Parker, were highly enjoyed. A sofa pillow was voted to Mrs. O. L. Stone. Rev. O. L. Stone and E. R. Lane each bore a quilt away. A pretty baby quilt, in gold and white, was voted to Mrs. John Allen. A candy table received much sweet attention. The proceeds for the evening were \$43.00.

SOUTH ANDOVER.

C. C. Stevens is hauling hay from North Rumford.

Many are anxious for snow to come to make sledding.

Mr. O. A. Gordon is having a severe attack of rheumatism.

Mrs. E. P. Godwin has charge of the school here this winter.

Herman Hanson is working for Smith Bros. on Black Brook.

Alonzo Spidel is at work for James Hall cutting oak lumber.

Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Hall attended the Maine State Grange at Augusta, the past week.

Mr. Cuvier Small is trying to start a dancing school at the village. Here's hoping him success.

F. E. Gordon is working for Oscar Pressy of Byron, pressing hay. He has turned out over 200 tons thus far.

WEST LOVELL.

L. E. Fox of Rumford Falls, was at his father's the past week. In the meantime, he was married to Celia Whitehouse of Centre Lovell. He will return to his school the coming week, with his bride.

As John A. Fox was cutting bolts near Horseshoe pond, he was struck on the head by a falling limb, and received quite a scalp wound. He returned home, but as the wound proved to be but slight, he went back to his work the next day.

Last Wednesday morning, as the school team from Foxboro, was near the residence of D. W. Nickols, one forward runner struck a rock, breaking the runner, causing the horses to run, and throwing all the children to the ground. Fortunately none of them were injured.

MASON.

School closed Friday.

E. P. Bennett was in town Sunday.

A. J. McAlister of Gilead was in town Saturday.

George Bennett is working in Greenwood for Tilt Burke.

Lyman Chute of Harrison, was in town one day last week.

Elmer Stiles has taken F. I. Bean's farm to carry on for a year.

Vibert Mills is logging some pine into the pond for F. I. Bean.

Archie and L. Hutchinson came home from Berlin, N. H., for Christmas.

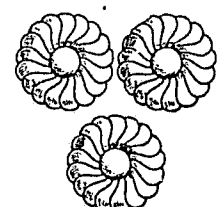
Mrs. Jennie Hutchinson has gone to Harrison to work for her sister, Mrs. Warren Martin.

C. F. Brown and A. G. Lovejoy each killed a deer the last day but one before close time. These were the only deer killed this year by people living in town.

"Grasp all and Lose All."

Many people are so intent on "grasping all" that they lose strength of nerves, appetite, digestion, health. Fortunately, however, these may be restored by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has put many a business man on the road to success by giving him good digestion, strong nerves and a clear brain. It does the same thing for weak and tired women. Hood's Pills cure sick headache and indigestion.

ALARM CLOCKS \$1.00



Warranted one year.

Edward King
Jeweler and Optician

CLOCK REPAIRING

Ready for Holiday Trade!

We have the Finest and Largest line ever shown in two towns. While we cannot describe nor enumerate our great variety of elegant articles, we are very glad to show them to all visitors.

Watches, the finest you have ever seen. Rings by the hundreds. Jewelry, every style you can think of. Clocks of all kinds.

We wish to call your special attention to our line of

STERLING and PLATED SILVERWARE.

The latest patterns from the best factories. Goods that will wear and not be an "eye-sore" same as premium silverware.

Sterling Silver Novelties.

the silver thicker than tissue paper.

One word about buying. When you decide to purchase a piano, who do you visit, the meat-man or music dealer?

Why not use the same judgment in buying goods in the Jeweler's line?

Don't forget our optical Department.

Spectacles or Eye Glasses

make a nice present. Our prices are the lowest.

Solid Gold Spectacle frames only \$2.00, same as others ask \$3.00. Look out for cheap 8 and 10 k goods.

Best Gold Filled frames \$1.25; nothing better.

We solicit a comparison of Goods and Prices. All Goods marked in plain figures.

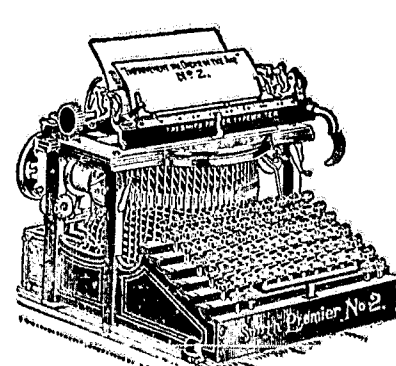
MERRY CHRISTMAS,

VIVIAN W. HILLS,

Watchmaker and Jeweler, and the only Practical Graduate optician in Oxford County, NORWAY, MAINE.

People of Bethel and vicinity, even buying only a few dollars' worth, can save ear fare in buying of H. L. L. S.

Money is Thrown Away



Ask for Art Catalogue.

When you buy a Typewriter that is not built on accepted scientific principles. Such a machine will eat itself up in repair bills and be a source of constant annoyance. . . .

The...
Smith Premier
Typewriter

is constructed on the best known scientific principles, is of simple parts, is the most durable machine made and the most economical to buy. . . .

The Smith Premier Typewriter Co.

DYSPEPSIA

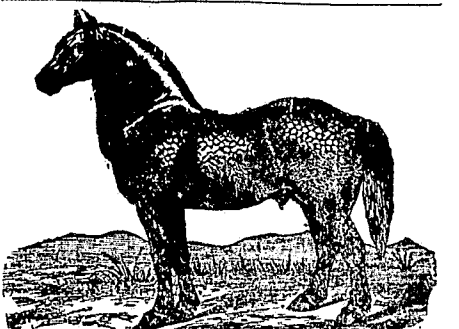
"For six years I was a victim of dyspepsia in its worst form. I could eat nothing but milk toast, and at times my stomach would not retain and digest even that. Last March I began taking CASCARETS and since then I have steadily improved, until I am as well as I ever was in my life."



Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Grip. 10c, 25c, 50c.

CURE CONSTIPATION. . . .
Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 311

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.



Horses bought, sold and exchanged. A fresh car load each week. Prices low terms easy. A big stock of harnesses on hand. Heavy team harness of our own make a specialty.

JONAS EDWARDS,
AUBURN, - MAINE.

TELEPHONE CALL 54-3.
Call and see us. Correspondence solicited.

P. S. I will pay a fair price for some good big work horses.

BUSINESS CARDS.

MISS E. E. BURNHAM,
Millinery, Fancy Goods and Jewelry,
BETHEL, ME.

HERRICK & PARK,
Attorneys at Law,
BETHEL, ME.

H. H. HASTINGS,
Attorney-at-Law,
Frye office. Bethel, Me.

A. W. GROVER,
Pension Attorney,
28 Main St., BETHEL, MAINE.
Office days the last three of each week.

DR. J. G. Gehringer,
Physician and Surgeon
BETHEL, ME.
Office at residence on Broad St.

J. B. TWADDELL, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
BETHEL, ME.
Been in actual practice 22 years.

DR. Gardner L. Sturdivant,
Physician and Surgeon,
BETHEL, ME.

E. E. RANDALL,
Custom Boot & Shoe Maker
All kinds of repairing
promptly attended to.
Main Street, BETHEL, ME.

A. Z. CATES,
Registered - Apothecary,
Rumford Falls, Maine.
All orders by mail or express receive
prompt attention.
All business strictly confidential.
All correspondence answered.

The Shaw College
and *Shorthand School*
PORTLAND, AUGUSTA, BANGOR and
HOUSTON, ME.
Actual business by mail and railroad. In-
struction by mail a specialty. Department of
telegraphy. Book keepers, clerks and stenog-
raphers furnished to business men. Free cat-
alogue. 3m13
F. L. SHAW, PRES., PORTLAND, ME.

Morrison's English Liniment.
You have doubtless heard of
Morrison's English Liniment. If
you have, you have heard of one of
the greatest liniments for horse-
flesh that ever was put upon the
market. Don't think this is all
blow. The James W. Foster Co. of
Bath, N. H. stand back of the state-
ment and guarantee what they say
to be true. Buy just one bottle
and use it according to directions
and be convinced that it has no
equal. For sale by G. R. Wiley and
J. A. Thurston, Bethel; A. S.
Bean, West Bethel, and Frank
Bisbee, Newry.

That Cough Hangs On

You have used all
sorts of cough reme-
dies but it does not
yield; it is too deep
seated. It may wear
itself out in time, but
it is more liable to
produce la grippe,
pneumonia or a seri-
ous throat affection.
You need something
that will give you
strength and build
up the body.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

will do this when everything
else fails. There is no doubt
about it. It nourishes,
strengthens, builds up and
makes the body strong and
healthy, not only to throw
off this hard cough, but to
fortify the system against
further attacks. If you are
run down or emaciated you
should certainly take this
nourishing food medicine.

and \$2.00, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

The Falsehood of Extremes.

Pessimism and optimism have
become pet words within the past
quarter of a century, and there is
nothing so deceptive as a pet word
unless it be a pet woman, accord-
ing to the pessimists—or a pet
politician, according to everybody.
We are apt to regard as dangerous
every idea which, at a glance, ap-
pears to contradict our general or
particular theory of life and con-
duct. Coming to a parting of the
ways with a friend, we drop a tear
at thought of his drift toward de-
struction, and at the same time
complacently thank our own fine
character for sending us up the
narrow and straight path. Or, on
the other tack, when the other fel-
low hits a great lead of luck and
makes gold enough to clog a mint,
we turn upon Fate and glare at it
savagely, wondering why life is so
unequal, so fickle, so likely to
choose the wrong person upon
whom to heap its favors.

Pessimism is rank selfishness,
says the well-fed and comfortably
housed optimist, with his slipper-
ed feet on the fender and his cup
of fragrant tea at his elbow: he
wonders how any living being ever
for a moment loses sight of the de-
lectable hills of the future while
enjoying the sweets of the present.
Optimism is the pretense of shal-
low imaginations, bitterly remarks
the haggard pessimist, what time
he shivers in his cold and cheerless
room, nibbling his crust and think-
ing of how his one-time school-
mate fell heir to a million and is
now reveling in Paris. The mid-
dleman looks at first one then the
other of these extremes, wonder-
ing what ails them. Life is too
busy an affair, he has too much at
stake in it, to take the time it
would require to reason out a phil-
osophy. He is neither pessimist
nor optimist; he is a worker, a
fulfiller of destiny, a man with a
wholesome mission.

Something has been recently
said (or is it a dream?) about edu-
cation and discontent. Well, the
subject is exhausted, but the ob-
ject of education should be to de-
velop a man and a woman fitted
for the work they are inevitably
drifting to—the life-work, no mat-
ter what it is, of a being born for a
place in the endless chain of hu-
man activities. The pessimists
are mostly those whom a false
education has hurled at a high tar-
get and found them too heavy for
the charge. A lofty trajectory is a
good thing if it lasts, but "coming
down like a stick" gives a bump
that causes incurable soreness and
chronic disappointment. The man
whose teeth are on edge shudders
at the thought of acid; all apples
look sour to him; and he hates his
voracious neighbor who munches
a pipkin with gustatory smacks.
What right has any man to pre-
tend that a malic zest can give de-
light? But the apple-eater notes
with indifferent contempt the ab-
stinence and grimaces of his critic!
The pessimist now bobs furiously
up and demands what there is to
say about the justice of a man
having sensitive teeth. But then,
is it unjust for the other fellow to
have a thick dental enamel? Pos-
sibly if the former had been edu-
cated to take care of his teeth, in-
stead of worrying over Vergil
and higher mathematics, he could
masticate a pickle with serene joy;
while if the other fellow had tak-
en to dreams of being a poet, a
president or a duke, to the neglect
of his grinders, he might have
been howling madly with the
doubtfulers and heaping maledic-
tions on the whole scheme of life.

One extreme exasperates the
other. And, after all, is it a mat-
ter of temperament and accident
coinciding? Or is it improper edu-
cation? We know that much can
be done, in training children, to
eliminate dangerous tendencies.
Patience in the study of character,
bent, fitness, will open up wonders
in the way of preparing a life for
contentment and happiness. The
optimist is apt to think that any
person can do anything; the pes-
simist feels sure that every worthy
person must certainly fail. Natu-
rally most of our teachers in col-
leges and schools are optimists of
the most pronounced type; they
have a highly chromatic educa-
tional lens through which they see
life. From their point of view
none but scholars can be happy
and successful, which, if true, is
a good advertisement for the schools;
but query: Is the educated failure,
the collapsed balloon lately so full
of academic gas, not really more
pitiable than the lusty hind who
whistles at his job of ditching?
— Maurice Thompson.

ROADS OF THE SOUTH.

LACK FIRST PRINCIPLES OF HIGHWAY
CONSTRUCTION.

Conditions Which Exist in Portions
of North Carolina, Tennessee and
Georgia—No Attempt to Avoid Hills.
Streams Must Be Forged.

In the more settled portions of the
United States the demand for good
roads has produced within the past five
years astonishing results. Throughout
New England, the middle Atlantic
states and in the larger cities and farm-
ing districts of the west the old country
turnpike and the side hill cart path are
being rapidly replaced by well con-
structed roadways of stone. We have
not yet come to that millennial stage
when roads shall be graded around
every hill and carried gently through
steep passes of the mountains, but no
traveler can deny that the new move-
ment for better road accommodations
has already achieved much that is ben-
eficial.

To show, however, that there still
remains a vast field for workers in the
line of the amelioration of highways, I
will describe in part some roads over
which it was lately my misfortune to
travel, writes a correspondent of The
L. A. W. Bulletin. The journey extend-
ed a distance of over 600 miles over the
wildest part of the Blue Ridge.

One naturally looks for primitive
conditions in so thinly settled a region
as that of western North Carolina, east-
ern Tennessee and northern Georgia.
A lack, however, of the first principles
of highway construction, such as one
sees exhibited there, seems scarcely to
be expected in a region close by and be-
tween great trunk lines of railroad and
whose limits are only a few hours dis-
tant from cities of the Atlantic sea-
board.

In no portion of our long journey was
there an instance of an attempt to les-
son the labor of climbing a hill by caus-
ing the road to swerve from its direct
course. Almost invariably the roads go
straight up and straight down the hills.
In many places it is possible to see the
ridge of a steep hill so sharply defined
in the road that the wagon rests easily
on the apex, its front wheels on one
slope, its hind wheels on the other. In
nearly every such case the road might
just as well have been run around the
base of the hill in question, often with
less labor of construction.

It must be conceded that the nature
of soil which prevails throughout the
southeastern states from Maryland
south to the Florida line is such as to



SPRING ROAD SCENE.
[L. A. W. Bulletin.]

render road building no easy task. The
prevailing material is a sticky clay, and
the predominant color is brick red. The
material is finely divided, and is cut
with astonishing ease by running water.
The solid bedrock, especially in the
more hilly portions, lies at a depth of
50 feet or more beneath the surface of
the soil.

In the South mountain district of
North Carolina I have seen holes 15 feet
in depth, and of a size to accommodate
a cart and yoke of oxen, worn in the
road during the course of a few days of
heavy rains. The greatest care is neces-
sary in driving over such roads, as the
pits have often a projecting rim, which
serves to effectually conceal them from
view. Driving, except in full daylight,
is clearly impossible.

It is during a rain that the mountain
roads give the traveler his full share of
occupation. There are no bridges, but
the small creeks are crossed by fords
and the rivers by ferries. After a very
few hours of heavy rain the deep red
soil has become a slough of mud, every
little stream has increased two or three
times its normal size and the water has
become the color of the ground. These
little creeks have a most variable way
of accompanying the road on its jour-
ney, sometimes for several hundred
yards. Consequently during a storm the
road is turned for the time into a boil-
ing torrent of muddy water. Frequent-
ly it is necessary to wade for long dis-
tances in front of the horses in order to
make sure that the road has not been
destroyed. Each step must be carefully
tested with feet braced against the
current to see that the depth of water
is not too great to allow the wagon to
pass.

The roads described were seen only
during the summer. It is difficult to
imagine what must be their condition
during the more inclement portions of
the year. It is to be presumed that
these mountain roads are occasionally
repaired, but I have never seen men
employed in such work, even on the
main roads leading from one portion of
the region to another.

The work already done in portions of
the south, as that about Washington,
and in the case of a more southern city,
that on the roads about Atlanta, goes
far to prove that good roads in the
south can be made. Road metal of good
quality, both quartz, trap and lime-
stone is exceedingly cheap. Surely so
beautiful a region as that of the south-
ern Appalachians should possess at least
one good highway, fitted for use of the
drawn vehicle, the bicycle and the
pedestrian.

HOW TO WIN HER LOVE.

The Interesting Discovery of Mr.
Cornelius Hennepin.

"Aha!" exclaimed Cornelius Henne-
pin. "Here is something that I have
long been looking for—How to Make
Your Wife Love You!"

That was the headline over the ar-
ticle that he had started to peruse. He
pulled his glasses out of the case, fast-
ened them upon his nose and cried:
"Virginia! Virginia! Come here. I
want to read something to you."

When his wife arrived, he said:
"Here is a little article that may in-
terest you. I haven't read it through,
but from the way it starts out I judge
that the writer knows what he or she
is talking about. 'How to Make Your
Wife Love You.' That's the heading.
Now, let's see what it says: 'Never
come home with a sour look and yell,
'Is dinner ready?' as if you were ad-
dressing a slave.' I never do that, do
I, Virginia? 'Always treat your wife
with as much consideration when you
are alone as when company is present.'
I think I follow that rule, don't I, Vir-
ginia? 'Never try to start a cheap
laugh by saying that your wife pro-
posed to you or repud you in.' I have
never done that, have I, Virginia?" Mr.
Hennepin asked. "And yet?" he bitter-
ly continued, "you do not love me as
you ought to. I am only 22 years older
than you, and there is no reason why
you should not regard me with the ut-
most affection. These very words
ought to convince you that I am an
ideal husband. But let me continue:
'Do not chew tobacco all day and ex-
pect your wife to meet you at the door
with her mouth all made up for a lov-
ing kiss, and, above all, do not grumble
if she should ask you for the price of
one of those lovely hats in Plum-
leigh's window.'"

"Confound these advertising dodges!"
exclaimed Cornelius Hennepin. "If
the papers don't stop lending them-
selves to such schemes, I'm going to
stop my subscription!"

Late the next afternoon a boy with
a bandbox rushed up the Hennepin
steps.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Trying to Please Employers.
Mistress—I am surprised. You say
you were married six months ago, di-
vorced three months ago and remar-
ried your husband last night.

Domestic—Yes'm. You see, at the
first place he had they wanted a mar-
ried man, so we got married; but the
next place they wanted a single man,
so we got divorced, and I came here.
Now he's found a place where they
want a man for gardening and wife to
cook, so we got married again, and I'm
going there with him.—New York
Weekly.

Nuggets From Georgia.
When the dollar rings, there is al-
ways a rush to open the door.
There is gold in the land, but we en-
joy it most when the other fellow digs
for it.

Take time by the forelock. It is also
wise to take the mule there.
You can't get on the sunny side by
waiting for the world to turn round.

Men who live in the stars generally
think this is a hard world when they
come tumbling down.—Atlanta Consti-
tution.

A Dilemma.
"Your friend didn't go home to Ken-
tucky to vote."
"No," answered Colonel Stilwell,
"and I dunno's I blame him. You see,
he's rather nearsighted. If he wore
his glasses, his neighbors would think
he was putting on style, and if he left
'em off he couldn't see where he was
shooting."—Washington Star.

Not to Blame.
The Elderly Lady—They say my wife
has money.
"Well, that isn't his fault. They've
only been married a short time."—Life.

Bred In The Bone.
2

Gran'pa Macpherson—How many
does two and two make, Donald?
Donald—Six.

Gran'pa—What are ye talking about?
Two and two make four.
Donald—Yes, I know, but I thought
you'd "beat me down" a bit.—Punch.

Bound to Succeed.
"Strive to excel, whatever your place;
Keep doing what you can
Let no income, to your disgrace,
A mediocre man."

So spoke the youth of candid mien
Who talked all the day,
Who lifted up his voice serene
Till none shall say him nay.

"I cannot be earth's greatest sage
Nor soldier—not a bit—
Its greatest fashionable rage,
Nor yet its greatest wit."

"But, shall I leave behind no name?
Nay, at a single jump
I'll mark a claim to glittering fame
And be earth's greatest chump."

—Washington Star.

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And be earth's greatest chump."

—Washington Star.

Christmas Goods Galore At Hastings Bros'

Our Christmas counters are brim full of things to please the ladies, and
we earnestly invite your inspection.

LAMPS.

Table Lamps, Hall Lamps, Hanging Lamps, Banquet
Lamps and Lamps of every kind and description.

CHINA.

Fancy Cup and Saucers, Plates, Bon-Bon Dishes, Pitchers
Fruit Plates, etc.

GLASS WARE, JARDINIERES, and a host of things that we can't men-
tion, but will be glad to show you when you come in.

Hastings Bros., OPPOSITE
POST OFFICE.

NO FORMAL . . .

* OPENING *

but store open every day and
evening for the inspection
and sale of as

CHOICE SELECTION

—OF—

HOLIDAY : : GOODS

as can be found in Oxford County. The assortment is too
varied to enumerate. Come and see what good values you
can get for your money

Wiley's Drug Store.

Flour
Grain
and Feed are our
Specialties

—But we have a large line of—

Groceries, Provisions, Lime, Plaster
and Cement.

WOODBURY & PURINGTON.

BIGGLE BOOKS

A Farm Library of unequalled value—Practical,
Up-to-date, Concise and Comprehensive—Hand-
somer Printed and Beautifully Illustrated.

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All about Horses—a Common-Sense Treatise, with over
74 illustrations; a standard work. Price, 50 Cents.

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All about growing Small Fruits—read and learn how
contains 45 colored life-like reproductions of all leading
varieties and 200 other illustrations. Price, 50 Cents.

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All about Poultry; the best Poultry Book in existence;
tells everything; with colored life-like reproductions
of all the principal breeds; with 103 other illustrations.
Price, 50 Cents.

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All about Cows and the Dairy Business; having a great
sale; contains 8 colored life-like reproductions of each
breed, with 122 other illustrations. Price, 50 Cents.

No. 5—BIGGLE SWINE BOOK
Just out. All about Hogs—Breeding, Feeding, Butch-
ery, Diseases, etc. Contains over 50 beautiful half-
tones and other engravings. Price, 50 Cents.

The BIGGLE BOOKS are unique, original, useful—no one ever
saw anything like them—so practical, sensible. They
are having an enormous sale—East, West, North and
South. Every one who keeps a Horse, Cow, Hog or
Chicken, or grows Small Fruits, ought to send right
away for the BIGGLE BOOKS. The

FARM JOURNAL

Is your paper, made for you and not a misfit. It is 22 years
old; it is the great boiled-down, hit-the-mail-on-the-head,
quit-after-you-have-said-it, Farm and Household paper in
the world—the biggest paper of its size in the United States
of America—having over a million and a half regular readers.

Any ONE of the BIGGLE BOOKS, and the FARM JOURNAL
5 YEARS (remainder of 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902 and 1903) will be sent by mail
to any address for A DOLLAR BILL.

Sample of FARM JOURNAL and circular describing BIGGLE BOOKS free.

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CHAS. F. JENKINS.

Address, FARM JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA

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PRICES ARE I

per 1st our Special Me
its and Spring Overcoats.
will pay you to come and

NORWAY, M

Notice to the Societ
We are about to
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August, 1865

Accident, Health, and

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Morrison, Rumford Falls

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Special

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O., BRATTLEBORO, VT.

or 25 years and they are b

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Write for catalogues.

Pianos. Send for catalogues

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gs Block, SOU

It pays to

Money

buy a lot of cool comfo

Lots of those crash

to wear. Prices for Mohr

\$4.00, many different style

T. F. FOSS
& SONSWe want to call the
attention of our
Bethel friends to
our extensive line ofENGLISH
DINNER
SETSWe have almost every-
thing from lowest priced
to high priced, right from
our English brethren.
Come and see them.COR. CONGRESS & PREBLE STS.
PORTLANDTurkish
Rocker

\$27.75

This is a luxurious
Turkish Rocker
made of mahogany
and upholstered in
red velvet. It is
a perfect comfort
and is a real
household necessity.
It is a regular size
and is a perfect
household necessity."THE HOUSEHOLD OUTITTERS"
Orin Cooper's Sons, Portland, Maine.Made Possible Now.
The western journals a short
time ago contained pretty written
accounts of the departure of western
girls for the east. The majority of
the travelers being bound for Wellesley
and Smith colleges, although Oberlin
girls filled a car and Vassar and other
women colleges had a goodly number
of their destination. It is the exception
for mothers to accompany their daughters
on the trip eastward, the girls, almost
without exception, considering them-
selves as competent to look out for
their own comfort and safety, a view
in which their parents and guardians
apparently acquiesce. Daily for nearly
a week before the beginning of the col-
lege term heavily laden trains pulled
out of western towns and cities and
reced eastward. Railway stations an
hour before train time presented an
animated and pretty sight as the young
continent thronged the waiting rooms
and platforms, not only the outgoing
girls, but their brothers and their
young men acquaintances helping to
swell the throng of youth. What in-
deed would the Massachusetts fathers
of a century ago say to the boys speed-
ing girls on to college in such fashion,
these forefathers who objected to girls
obtaining even a common school edu-
cation because "they would get to
know more than we do." The simple
souls! That is precisely what has hap-
pened. But the boys and men of this
generation bid them goodspeed and pay
their college bills.—Vogue.A Power in the Church.
As an evidence of the fact that wom-
en are a power in the church there has
been a really literal example in South
Dakota within the last week or so. It
is unfortunate that, as South Dakota is
so far from New York, only the bare
statement of facts is transmitted. There
is a vast amount of energy in the west, shared
by all classes, and the women are not
deficient. As the story comes, the pas-
tor of the Methodist churches in two
towns, St. Lawrence and Miller, and
living in the former place, decided to
take up his residence in the latter, and
the most economical way seemed to be
to take up his parsonage and walk.
That he prepared to do, but residents
of St. Lawrence appeared to think that
they had some claims on the parsonage
and objected, and the minister was ar-
rested. The women of Miller thereupon
set on to work. They took a sheriff
and a lot of workmen over from their
town to the pastor's residence, had
their workmen take up the disputed
parsonage while their sheriff arrested
any one who interfered, and triumph-
antly walked off to Miller with their
prize. This is undoubtedly a "to be
continued" story, but the conclusion is
not necessary to prove the power of
women in the church.—New York
Times.Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.
Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever.
10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Tonight

If your liver is out of order, causing
Biliousness, Sick Headache, Heart-
burn, or Constipation, take a dose of

Hood's Pills

On retiring, and tomorrow your dig-
estive organs will be regulated and
you will be bright, active and ready
for any kind of work. This has
been the experience of others; it
will be yours. HOOD'S PILLS are
sold by all medicine dealers. 25 cts.

WOES OF BIG STORES.

LOST BABY AND FRANTIC MOTHER A
COMMON OCCURRENCE.Dogs That Have Eluded Their Own-
ers, and Even Cats and Birds That
Have Gone Astray, Have to Be Cared
For in the "Morgue.""Have you seen anything of a beau-
tiful little girl with duffy golden hair
and a blue frock?" anxiously inquired
a young woman of the clerk in charge
of the linen counter in a great depart-
ment store."Why, no! Are you sure you brought
her in here?""Indeed I am! I left her sitting be-
fore those 98 cent damasks to look at
those \$1.43 shirt waists marked down
from \$1.50, and now I can't find her
anywhere. I'm worried to death!""Don't be alarmed," remarked the
clerk, consolingly. "She'll turn up all
right. I expect she's up in the dead
room by this time."

"The dead?"

"The dead room—the morgue, you
know.""The morgue? Oh, my Irene! Oh,
my darling!""Sh-h-h, madam," softly command-
ed a floor walker, for a commotion
seemed imminent. "Your child is safe
enough, I'll venture. The 'morgue' is
simply the cant name of our lost and
found department. Come with me,
and we will see if the little girl is
there."The young woman followed to a long
room, the door of which was labeled
"Lost and Found," and there, sure
enough, seated upon a monument of
packages, boxes, umbrellas,
cane and other articles, sat a tiny
golden haired girl in a blue frock, con-
tending kicking her small feet against
a pasteboard bonnet box."That's the second kid and contin-
gent sensation I've had today," con-
fided the keeper of the morgue to me
as the recovered child, lustily scream-
ing in the fervent embrace of her tear-
ful parent, was carried away. "No, it's
nothing unusual. It's almost a daily
occurrence. In the excitement of bar-
gain rushes persons very frequently
lose sight of their children for a few
moments, and the natural tendency of
the children is to stray away and take
in the strange sights of the store on
their own hook. Of course they might
wander out of the establishment, and
to prevent this the floor walkers in-
variably send to me every child they
find unaccompanied by a guardian.""I don't know if there is any port-
able article, animate or inanimate,
which does not find its way to the
morgue," continued the keeper reflect-
ively. "No class of people loses things
so readily as shoppers do. You see,
they become so interested in looking
at bargains that they lay down what-
ever they may happen to have in their
hands and perambulate between
counters with hardly a thought as to
their actions.""Suddenly they discover their loss,
and a mild panic seizes them. They
go flying about from one counter to
the other, prosecuting their inquiries
without stopping to think whether
they have visited those same counters
before or not. Therefore the morgue
has become a valuable and indispen-
sable department in every large store.""Some of the things which drift into
this place would amuse you. Last
week a great Dane dog was brought
up by our nervous floor walker, and an
ugly customer he was, indeed—the
dog, not the floor walker. We tried
him up by a short chain and tried to
make him lie down pending the ar-
rival of his owner. But he wouldn't.
Instead he took a stand, braced him-
self and let out a howl which drove
the souls of some half dozen sales-
women within earshot. Then he broke
his chain and started in to clean out
the morgue.""What did I do? Oh, I adjourned,
and everybody went on a still hunt for
the owner of the dog. We eventually
found her, and she came up and lam-
basted us for abusing her precious
darling, with never a word about the
rough way he had handled the
morgue's accumulations.""Dogs of all sorts and conditions are
constantly brought to the morgue and
now and then a pet cat, which has es-
caped from a basket. I've even had a
cage of canaries left on my hands to
feed for a week before the careless
owner, who had left the cage down in
the cloakery department during a spe-
cial sale, appeared to claim her prop-
erty.""Watches, purses, babies, parasols,
lunettes and even diamond rings are
parts of my stock in trade here. I'd
have horses, too. I verily believe, were
our customers permitted to bring them
into the store, I'd like to set up in
business with the things brought to
the morgue. I'd get rich, sure.""Yes, fully two-thirds of the things
are claimed, and nothing worth com-
ing after remains in our possession
long. Neither do many other things
which are not worth hunting up. We
keep lost articles a month from date
of turning in, and then, if it is found
that they were originally sold in our
store, we put them in stock. Fre-
quently lost articles of serious value
are advertised at the end of a month."

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

How to Make a Fountain Pen.

If you wish to make a fountain pen,
take two ordinary steel pens of the
same pattern and insert them in the
common holder. The inner pen will
be the writing pen. Between this and
the outer pen will be held a supply of
ink when they are once dipped into
the inkstand that will last to write
several pages of manuscript. It is not
necessary that the points of the two
pens should be very near together, but
if the flow of ink is not rapid enough
the points may be brought nearer by a
bit of thread or minute rubber band.

NORWAY.

Andrews' sale stable received
another car load of Western horses
Tuesday.Miss Sadie Gallagher forewoman
in the Radcliffe Shoe Co.'s stitch-
ing room, was presented with a
costly chair by the employees in the
room.Mrs. Minnie Lunt, who has been
clerking in the Smiley dry goods
store during Christmas week, re-
turned to her home in Portland,
Monday.Lester Harriman has been clerk-
ing, during Christmas week, in the
Smiley shoe store. Mr. Harriman
was the former assistant, but at
present holds a responsible position
with the Berry Shoe Co. in
Portland.The electricians were well patron-
ized last week, by the busy shop-
pers. Trade throughout the vil-
lage was good, yet not up to the
standard owing a great deal to poor
roads that held back out of town
business.Shoe business is booming with
no prospects of a sudden slack.
This industry has carried on a big
business since October, and the or-
ders are not nearly filled yet. The
condition of the leather market
hinders, to a certain extent, the
prompt filling of large contracts
which the company now hold.Prof. LeBar, who works in the
shoe factory, gave a satisfactory
exhibition at the pool room, Fri-
day evening. The feats presented
were those usually done by contor-
nists, yet several original acts of
good quality received much ap-
plause. The Professor has travel-
ed with circus and minstrel com-
panies, so knows the business from
the beginning.Special exercises were given Sun-
day in the several churches. The
only concert in town was held in
the Congregational church at 7 p.m.
Recitations, vocal solo by Mrs. B.
F. Bradbury, duets by Mrs. F.
McArdle and Miss Gertrude McArdle,
and appropriate selections from a
chorus of twenty-eight voices, fur-
nished a pleasing program. The
trees were given, as usual, in
the Universalist and Methodist
churches Monday evening.

GILEAD.

Miss Vivian Kelliher was in
town last week.Mrs. Minnie Chaplin is visiting
friends in Jefferson, N. H.Charlie Bemis and family spent
Christmas in Berlin, N. H.Mrs. Eli Peabody and little
daughter were in Norway, Satur-
day.Mr. Ralph Peabody has been
very sick with scarlet fever, but is
now better.A. J. McAllister and family at-
tended the Christmas tree at West
Bethel, Monday evening.All the little boys and girls en-
joyed a delightful evening with
Miss Mildred Bennett, Christmas.
Ice cream and cake, oranges, and
other things too numerous to men-
tion, were given them during the
evening, and all went home hap-
py.My son has been troubled for
years with chronic diarrhea.
Some time ago I persuaded him
to take some of Chamberlain's
Colic, Cholera and Diarrhea Rem-
edy. After using two bottles of
25-cent size he was cured. I give
this testimonial, hoping some one
similarly afflicted may read it and
be benefited.—THOMAS C. BOWER,
Glencoe, O.For sale by G. R. Wiley, Bethel,
A. S. Bean, W. Bethel, W. H. Crook-
ett, Locke Mills, J. W. Bennett, Gil-
ead, A. R. Small & Son, Bryant Pond.

HIS REASON.

Lady Passenger—What a polite
little boy you are to give your
seat up!Tommy (aside)—She wouldn't
say so if she knew what an awful
lickin I got yesterday.—New York
World.Laura—Oh, bother! There isn't a
bit of gum on this stamp.
Flora—Well, haven't you a pin?
—Cincinnati Enquirer.TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT.
"Another daughter off your
hands," smiled Mrs. Grims.
"Another son-in-law to keep,"
growled Mr. Grims.—Detroit Free
Press.

How Are Your Kidneys?

Dr. Hobbs' Sphragis Pills cure all kidney ills. Sam-
ple free. Add: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N. Y.

Smoking by Women.

"While I was in London last month,"
said a New Orleans broker who has
just returned from a trip across the big
pond, "I was greatly surprised at the
number of women I saw smoking in
public. Of course one can always see
that sort of thing in the Bohemian re-
sorts and the cafes patronized chiefly
by folks from the continent, but it was
something of a shock to bump into it
at such establishments as the Savoy
and the Hotel Cecil. In both places
and three or four others equally aristo-
cratic I saw society women puffing
cigarettes as coolly as chappies at a
roof garden. The spectacle is so com-
mon that it has ceased to attract any
attention, and it was tolerably evident
that the ladies who were indulging did
so because they liked it and not merely
to be eccentric.""I dropped into the Cafe Royal one
evening with a London friend, and we
were shown to seats in the large pub-
lic dining room not far from what was
evidently a theater party of eight or
nine people. They were just concluding
a late supper, and one of the ladies,
who was the picture of elegant refine-
ment and by no means in her first
youth, produced a jeweled cigarette
case and passed it around. In a mo-
ment everybody was smoking. The
lady was the American wife of a some-
what noted London clubman and was
formerly a conspicuous figure in Phil-
adelphia society."—New Orleans Times-
Democrat.Champion Pudding Maker.
A Philadelphia woman contracted to
furnish 5,000 pounds of plum pudding
for Thanksgiving and Christmas din-
ners. For five years she has been sys-
tematically making these luscious des-
serts, and her orders have been con-
stantly increasing. There is not a
point relating to a plum pudding that
she has not considered and experiment-
ed upon. There is not an iota in the
preparation of the whole 5,000 pounds
which she does not personally superin-
tend.To give some idea of a single mixing,
containing 1,000 pounds, here are the
ingredients required: Nine hundred eggs,
250 pounds of suet, 200 pounds cut-
rants, 100 pounds raisins, the juice and
thinly grated rind of 50 lemons, 150
pounds sugar, 50 loaves bread
crumbs, candied orange and lemon
peel, spices galore, together with 20
quarts of brandy.The recipe for the puddings was given
her by a friend, who paid quite an
amount to obtain it from a celebrated
London chef 15 years ago. It takes
three days to complete each lot after
the ingredients have been prepared
and everything made ready to mix.—
Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Booth's Work.

Mrs. Ballington Booth has been mak-
ing a lecture tour through Illinois and
Wisconsin, visiting prisons along the
way and organizing Bands of Hope
among the prisoners. In an address
given in New York city since her re-
turn she is reported as saying: "Many
men try to reform after their first im-
prisonment, but the chance is denied
them. It is not because people wish to
injure the prisoner, but because they
do not know. We have sent our mil-
lions and missionaries to other lands,
and we know more about China than
about the needs of those who have
gone wrong at home." At present
there are three homes for discharged
prisoners—in New York city, Chicago
and San Francisco. Mrs. Booth and
her husband, the commander, have
assisted over 7,000 men and they
claim that 70 per cent of these have
proved worthy of the aid they receiv-
ed.—Boston Woman's Journal.

The Swell Reticule.

The pocket question remains a diffi-
culty, especially for seamless evening
gowns. But reticules are now the or-
der of the day. A lovely bag prepared
for one of our elegantes is of yellow
satin, lined with white satin and beau-
tifully worked with sprays of velvet
and the owner's initials in ribbon and
spangle work. Small pieces of old lace
can be utilized on these reticules.
Turquoise velvet shows off what has
evidently been a ruffe of old point
dalliance to great advantage, says the
Philadelphia Inquirer. These bags
really are useful, for they hold pocket
handkerchiefs and fan—even opera
glasses, if need be—and they provide a
neat resting place for one's gloves dur-
ing dinner and save one's neighbor
from the painful necessity of grovel-
ing for them, purple faced, under the
dinner table.

She Revels in Domesticity.

Mrs. Joubert has rather more edu-
cation than the average Boer vrouw and
as a girl was remarkable for her mu-
sical accomplishments. She possessed
one of the first pianos ever seen in
Pretoria. Like her friend Mrs. Krug-
ger she "revels in domesticity" and
once boasted that she had always
cooked her husband's Sunday dinner
and meant to keep on doing so even if
she became "first lady of the land." General
Joubert has been mentioned as a
possible successor to the presiden-
cy. Mrs. Joubert has the largest
quantity of household linen possessed
by any woman in the republic, and her
favorite wedding present to young Boer
ladies of her acquaintance is a bundle
of sheets and a dozen or more each of
various kinds of undergarments.

The Important Patchboard.

A troubled reader has written to ask
the proper way in which to send one's
card to a large reception that one is
unable to attend. In this city the cus-
tom is to send the card in a small envel-
ope by mail, trying to have it deliv-
ered by the postman the day of the re-
ception as near as possible to the hour.
The hostess who gives a large evening
affair finds cards in the late afternoon
mail, while others are not delivered un-
til early the following morning. She
is perfectly satisfied with either.—Bos-
ton Herald.

..BLUE STORE..

GOOD VALUES IN CLOTHING
WE ARE SELLING.Large Assortment to select from. All we ask is for you to
come and see us, and look at our goods before you buy. Our
Prices are Right, they are the lowest for same quality of goods. We
will make it pay you to buy of us. If we can sell you once we will
have a permanent customer, and that is what we are working for.

Respectfully yours,

F. H. NOYES, NORWAY

DENMARK.

Mr. A. C. Eames, our High school
teacher, spent Christmas in Port-
land.There was a Christmas tree and
exercises at Chas. Poor's, Satur-
day evening.Miss Bertha Kelley is boarding
at A. H. Witham's and attending
the High school.There was a Christmas tree and
entertainment, Monday evening,
at the church in the village.Will Allen sold a nice pair of
2-year-old steers for \$100, and three
cows for \$125. It was nice stock.The funeral of Levi Richardson
was held at the White schoolhouse
Tuesday afternoon. Services by
Rev. Mr. Sargent.Miss Olive, daughter of Frank
and Amanda True, died Dec. 21,
of brain trouble. Miss Olive was
about 14 years of age. She was
loved by all who knew her, for her
amiable disposition and lady-like
manners, and will be greatly miss-
ed. Mr. True's family has the sym-
pathy of the community. Funer-
al services were held at the house,
Sunday afternoon at 1 o'clock.

BE INDEPENDENT.

You can tell just as well as a phy-
sician whether your kidneys are dis-
eased or healthy. Fill a tumbler with
urine and let it stand 24 hours; if it has
a sediment, if it is milky or cloudy,
discolored or pale; if it isropy or
stringy, your kidneys and bladder are
in a dangerous condition and you do
not need a physician to tell you so.Kidney diseases should be attended
to at once, for almost 90 per cent. of our
unexpected deaths of to-day are from
that cause. Dr. David Kennedy's Fa-
vorite Remedy is the only sure cure
known for diseases of the kidneys,
Liver, Bladder and Blood, Rheuma-
tism, Dyspepsia and Chronic Constipa-
tion. It is marvelous how it stops that
pain in the back, relieves the necessity
of urinating so often at night, drives
away that scalding pain in passing
water, corrects the bad effects of
whiskey and beer and shows its ben-
eficial effects on the system in an in-
credibly short time. It is sold by all
drug stores at \$1.00 a bottle.
If you would like to test Favorite Rem-
edy free of all charge, send your full
name and post office address to the DR.
DAVID KENNEDY CORPORATION,
Rondont, N. Y., and a free trial bottle,
together with a pamphlet of valuable
medical advice, will be sent you by re-
turn and postpaid, providing you men-
tion this paper when you write. The
publishers of this paper guarantee the
genuineness of this liberal offer.

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favorable terms.W. J. Wheeler & Co.,
Billings' Block, SOUTH PARIS, ME.

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Chilly
Weather Underwear.....all ready to put on. Better clothe up now than to pay
the doctor for helping you over that cold, later. Heavy gray un-
derwear for 25c. Extra heavy gray underwear, double breast and
back, for 50c. The best 50c fleeced lined underwear we have ever
seen. Other grades 63c, 75c, \$1, \$1.25 and \$1.50.

Money Back if not Suited.

H. B. FOSTER,
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